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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 2, 1937
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVIII No. 1928 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 2 1937

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MOTOR POLICIES

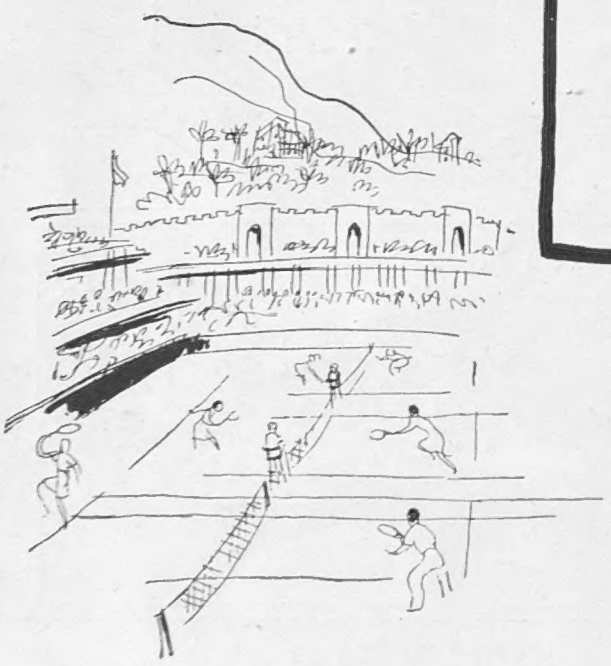
CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1936—MARCH 1937

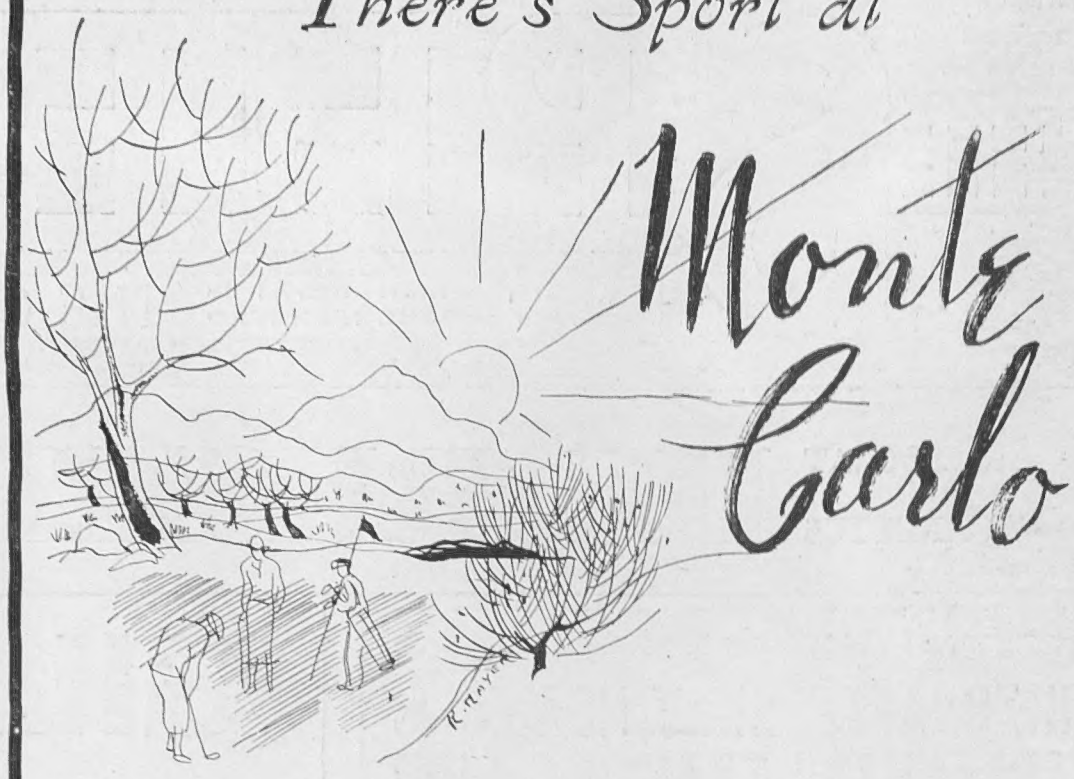
SOCIAL EVENTS: International Sporting Club — New Year's Gala, *December 31*; INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18-26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*; Monte Carlo Theatre —Season of Comedies and Operettas has already opened.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), Club Championships, *January 11-17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22-28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts — CORTOT (Chopin recital), *January 1*; Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.



There's Sport at Monte Carlo



NOT often that you can play your morning round of golf at 3,000 feet! But you can, up on Mont Agel, with the shimmer of snow-capped Alps behind you and the sparkle of blue Mediterranean far below. The sun above, a good course before you, in air that has more kick to it than a champagne cocktail—what better beginning to a day has life to offer?

AND after lunch, so energetic do you feel, five sets of tennis even cannot tire you. It's good tennis, too, on one of eighteen courts which have been constructed to championship standards. If you don't want to play yourself you can watch the others—world champions play there, often.

Somehow you're never off your game at Monte Carlo

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

Volume CXLVIII No. 1928

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 2, 1937

Behind the Scenes at Olympia

Artistes Waiting at the Ring Entrance Before Doing a Bare-back Riding Act at the Annual Christmas Circus

Once again the Circus is at Olympia with its high wire acts, its clowns, its sawdust, the crack of the showman's whip, and the raucous clamour of the sideshows. It is as vital and thrilling an affair as ever, as packed with good things indeed as the proverbial Christmas hamper, offering entertainment that casts its age-old spell alike upon adult and youth. There are the Peerless Potters, those brilliantly agile flying bar performers; Charles Judge's chimpanzees which, possessed of an undoubted sense of humour, enact the classical burlesque of William Tell and the Apple; the Great Frederico who swings by the teeth high in the air right across that mighty arena; Ferroni with his juggling act with lighted torches on the back of a moving horse; and, last but not least, the always unfortunate, always mirth provoking clowns who provide the happy, traditional touch in a programme of rare novelty

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

OFF TO NORFOLK: On Tuesday of last week the King and Queen left 145, Piccadilly for Sandringham, once again the favourite Royal residence. As the car drove away this happy snapshot was obtained. Princess Margaret Rose was seated between her father and mother with Princess Elizabeth just in front

troubles came to a head and to the status of a European crisis in April, obscured at first in importance in England by the dirty washing that flapped in the wind when the Budget secrets investigations held our major interest. It ended as we all remember in Mr. Thomas' resignation and hard trials—widely deplored. Fuad of Egypt died and his son Farouk succeeded to his ancient throne—and Canada went through her great mine drama. May was the month of the *Queen Mary*. She sailed away to Atlantic records and public expressions of pride. Badoglio reached his triumph in Addis Ababa, Italy "walked out" of the League assembly, and Allenby died. It was Derby month (Mahmoud's year) and the beginning of our carnival season and we amused ourselves with the *Girl Pat*.

SANCTIONS ABANDONED. SPAIN BOILS OVER.—June, the month of carnival, was a little saddened by Mr. Eden's announcement of

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

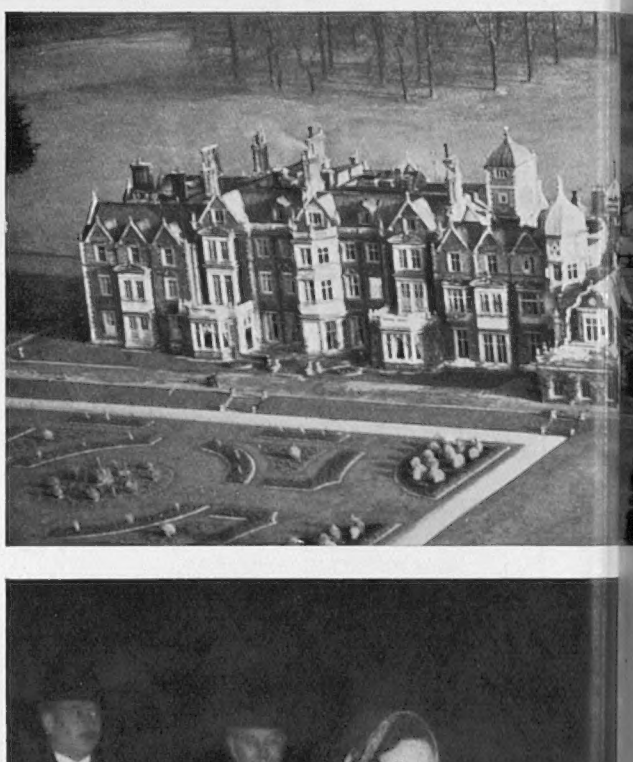
32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, December 30, 1936.

THE YEAR THAT IS GONE.—It has been my habit for a decade or more in the New Year Newsletter annually to review the events of the past year. Looking back at the files I observe that it has been habitual to declare that the blackness of the past year in the field of European politics can hardly be surpassed in the New. I propose not to repeat this pious hope. It wears thin. Let us start in a new manner. Let us appreciate the conditions under which we are living to-day by a glance back to the history of the mid-Victorian age. You may take, from Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates* at random, the events—which he judged of sufficient historical importance to record—of any year in the 'sixties (for example) and compare them with the events to be recorded in any year of the 1930's. A few months back I cited the year 1860 when the "death of Lord Dundonald" was the chief historic event recorded. Let us now take 1869. What happened in 1869? "New Parliament met for business; Irish Church Bill introduced into Commons; Earl of Derby died (aged seventy)." That was history in 'sixty-nine. Does it adjust our perspective? Or does it confuse us still further? It is essential, I am sure, that we should realise first how totally the conditions under which history is contemporaneously recorded have changed. The improvement in communications has had this sinister effect that no event which might be judged a potential danger can escape instant knowledge and commentary usually pessimistic. There is no such optimistic slogan possible to-day as *solvitur ambulando*. Yet even in the 'sixties potential dangers loomed and time solved them (or possibly the diplomacy of ambassadors who were then diplomatic representatives and not office boys). To-day every such looming is a crisis of an hour. But in the 'sixties those that proved ephemeral never found their way into history or print. So also to-day. Eighty per cent. of our daily crises will solve themselves and posterity will disregard them. That is the cheerful point. The less cheerful is that of the daily crises of 1936, while all have found their way into print, more will find their way into history than in any preceding year in the 1930's.

DEATH OF GEORGE V.—It has been a year of black doings and big events, and anxiety grew greater as the year advanced, to end for Britain on a mighty crash and crescendo of sensation and acute anxiety—and then a calmer note. A desperate year in a quarter-century during which Europe has grown increasingly mad, and violent passions have reached to boiling point. We started the new year with our prestige in Europe tarnished and a new Foreign Secretary, yet looking back now to last January (incredible as it then would have appeared) we seem to re-enter a quiet haven by comparison with most of the year that has gone. King George held in his calm and trained and disciplined hands those silken reins which a truly constitutional monarch may hold and employ to guide. He guided not by genius in statecraft but by the force of example—the example of restraint, self-sacrifice, and patriotism. And then suddenly he was dead, and mourning for him was Empire wide and respect to his memory as wide as civilisation, and another reign began with no new chapter in the march of events. The poet of Empire, Kipling—a prophet proved by the hour of his death—died just three days before the King. The lying-in-state and the funeral procession are clear in memory still. While the nation mourned, the war in Abyssinia was dragging on. In February Marshal Badoglio smashed the resistance of the tribesmen at Amba Alagi and the rest of Europe began to simmer. Those who knew something of Spain noted with anxiety the sweeping success of the Left Wing party in the general elections. In Paris M. Blum was bludgeoned by blackguards of the Royalist-Fascist "patriots." In Japan a military rising was followed by the mass murder of statesmen. And France signed her pact with the Soviet. Seeds of dragon's teeth broadcast generously! Britain, turning for an instant to her own backyard, tried to stop football pools—and found it would not suit democracy to do so.

BUDGET SECRETS AND THE "QUEEN MARY."—March brought one more act of defiance of treaty obligations from Germany. The Rhineland zone was occupied by German troops and the act announced as a *fait accompli*. When the League Council met at St. James's to consider the position, men stared for a moment at the polyglot crowds and passed on with a cynical smile. It was in March—only last March—that King Edward gave his first broadcast to the Empire, and not one in 100,000,000 of his subjects dimly conceived what would be the nature of his last.

Venizelos, the Warwick of Greece, died. And our "counter" to Germany was the appointment of Sir Thomas Inskip as Co-ordination Minister. The Spanish



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER warmly clad in a beautiful fur proceeded a little later with the Duke to join the Royal party at Sandringham. She is convalescing from a bout of influenza

the abandonment of the policy of Sanctions. But we soon turned our attention to Wimbledon (Perry's triple crown) and polo; and had the news that Everest had proved inviolable. And in July the civil war in Spain came at last first on the list of European sensations. The nomination of Landon for the Presidential election in America reminded us of November's approach. McMahon's foolish gesture following King Edward's Hyde Park review created a nine days' storm in a teacup. A bigger storm burst over Danzig and the head of Mr. Lester. The King unveiled the Canadian Memorial and cancelled his contemplated French holiday in view of the Spanish troubles. In August holiday-makers looked for their news interest to the *Nahlin's* cruise and details of Sir C. Bullock's dismissal from his post at the Air Ministry. But it was a month of significant happenings abroad. Hitler doubled his army with a stroke of the pen. Zinoviev was executed. Badajoz lost to the insurgents. The Anglo-Egyptian treaty was signed. The *Queen Mary* won the blue ribbon, and the new stamps, bearing King Edward's head, won almost instant favour.

"HOLIDAY" TROUBLES.—

In September Mr. Baldwin retired into obscurity for a much-needed and well-earned holiday. (A holiday which, one fears, he now once more as urgently needs.) The new fashion of "stay-in" strikes, copied from the French model, made an unwelcome appearance. We managed, with a great deal of borrowing and adjustment, to collect a whole division to reinforce the troops in Palestine, when fears of a broadening of the trouble grew insistent. In Greece another *coup d'état*—Metaxas assuming dictatorship on the Mussolini lines. October. Trouble and more trouble. The East End "razor gangs" produced a reign of terror which led to the new Bill (now law) to control public meetings and to prevent breaches of the peace. Belgium announced her policy of isolation-neutrality. Gömboes, Hungary's great Premier, died. The Latin nations devalued their currencies. Lord Nuffield crossed swords with Lord Swinton. Sir Godfrey Collins and Sir Edgar Britten died. Our coming constitutional crisis became an "open secret" betrayed in America. November came in, a month of gales and portents, sweetened with blue patches such as Lord Nuffield's gifts to Oxford and medical research, and another Atlantic record for Mollison. Roosevelt's triumph surprised the world. But in Europe the skies grew darker than ever, hung like a black pall over Spain, broke in thunder when the Spanish Government appealed under Article II to the League, and when the German-Japanese pact was announced.

THE BLACK DECEMBER.—

A black December was presaged. But the gloomiest pessimist could not have prophesied how black the last month of this ebony year would prove for Britain. It is assuredly a black year for a nation if in the course of it that nation "lives under three reigns," and that phenomenon implies that its Government has had more work to do than it can efficiently carry out. Perhaps that was why the public's insistence on more resolute action in the distressed areas wakened the Government to a surprised realisation of the truth. Details of the great constitutional crisis, which was finally passed on December 11, are much too vivid and fresh in memory to repeat. The nightmare is still potent in the peace of a new dawn. It came on the scene—the public stage—just before the end of November. It blacked out every other black or cheerful topic or news item utterly and entirely until December 14. Then with a sigh of relief we passed back to brass tacks, having lost or mislaid a peck of troubles and minor thrills, such as the Spanish appeal to the League, the aftermath of the Crystal Palace fire, the confounding of all the dismal Jimmies of cricket journalism by the glorious surprises of the first Tests, the Nobel Peace Prize tea-cup storm, the despairing and futile efforts of the non-intervention committee, and so on. It all supports my main argument in this issue. That under modern "communications" and publicity we are not really in any better position to judge of the historic importance of contemporary events. There is not the least doubt in my mind that we hear far too much news, and that too high a proportion of that vast output is either pessimism or uninformed personalities.

THE DEAD. —

Some notable men of action and public affairs who died during 1936 have already been named. Others include Lord Beatty; von Seeckt; Zaharoff, the man of war and mystery (who once *was* Vickers and who despised all men save Venizelos, the Greek statesman, whose own death in 1936 has been recorded); Stephen Coleridge, who fought so long against vivisection; that stalwart centenarian Chieftain, MacLean of Duart; and Lord William Cecil, Bishop of Exeter. Literature and the arts lost notable men and women also. Kipling has been named. Clara Butt *(vox praeclara)*; Edward German (as little known personally as his music was well known); Owen Seaman of *Punch*; Chesterton and Gorki died in June; earlier Oscar Asche, a familiar figure at Lord's after he had ceased to be familiar behind the footlights; Cunninghame Graham, that cavalier of Letters; Lord Darling, good judge of men and metres; Argentina and divine Supervia; Balieff of the moon-face; Dr. James, whom Lord Hugh Cecil succeeded as Provost of Eton; Plunket Greene; Hayden Coffin; Robert Loraine; and many more in various degrees of importance. (A fuller list will be found on page 8—EDITOR.)

LITERATURE.—

When thousands of new books are published every year it is difficult to single out merit or to cover the ground. A best seller, too, is one thing; a masterpiece another. A best seller owes its success to some indefinable aptitude to the mood of the hour. So for various reasons the public fell on *Inside Europe*, a journalistic *tour de force*, containing fact and fantasy; on Nichols' ingenuous *The Fool Hath Said*, which must have made meticulous theologians scratch their heads at the simplicity of faith; on Lloyd George's *Art of Self-Defence and Attack*, and on Mrs. Dugdale's *Balfour*. Of biographies, Bishop Bell's *Randall Davidson* and Mr. Lascelles' *C. J. Fox* were models of their kind, while Mr. Bryant's further researches into Pepys literature were interesting and well liked. Perhaps the literary event of the year was the publication of Mr. Fisher's *History of Europe* in a fine, cheap, single volume. I thought *Action for Slander*, by Mary Borden, the most readable and most cleverly done novel I came across. Mr. Forester's *The General* is my second string. I daresay Mr. Morgan's *Sparkenbroke* was ranked high. But if I read a novel I like it to read easily and to stick to the story.

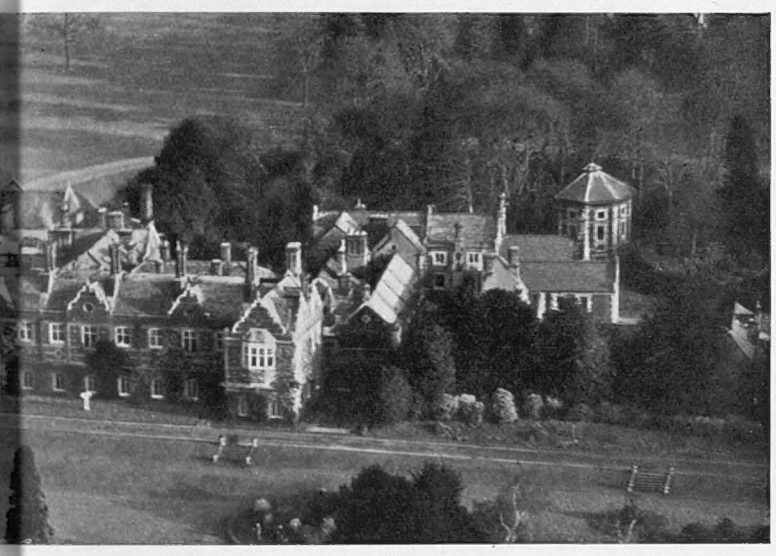
DRAMA.—

The popularity of ballet was the chief feature of theatreland in 1936. The young went mad about it; de Basil's company made hay, and Massine's ballet (ex-Berlioz Fantastic Symphony) made ballet history. The long-runners among plays were the eternal *Lady Precious Stream*, *Night Must Fall*, *Call It a Day*, *Storm in a Tea-cup*, *Mary Tudor*, and *Pride and Prejudice* (the impossible achieved). Of classics, *The Seagull* had a long run and the production of *Œdipus Rex* was deservedly successful. A play on the last phase of Napoleon, *St. Helena*, had interesting features and novel treatment. Open-air Shakespeare, and Shakespeare everywhere proved to be "box-office," and Stratford had a long and successful season. So that Drama held its own (a small thing, but its own) in the internecine struggle with the movies. And, for the movies, 1936 was distinctly a year of progress. Decency, accuracy, and taste all made some progress up the slippery hill called Commercial-Acumen.

POSTSCRIPT OF HOPE.—

It was, in fact, a year of great progress. Some of our social problems have passed the peak of difficulty. Housing and slum clearance have made great progress; unemployment is immensely reduced; pay cuts have been restored over a wide field of industry; trade, even international trade, has improved greatly, and the worst of the slump is over; the effect on shipping is very marked and idle tonnage enormously reduced. Nor are these happier circumstances due largely to the artificial aids of rearmament. We begin the year with a stable and united Government and a constitutional and statesmanlike Opposition, under a monarchy firmly established, loyally supported, and everywhere respected. At home much has been done to re-establish law and order, to ensure the settlement of industrial disputes by negotiation and conciliation, and to settle for some years ahead wage agreements in vital industries. The Government has shown at last a resolute determination directly to tackle the problems of the distressed areas and to improve the physical fitness of the nation. Abroad, British prestige, fallen low in January, 1936, has been re-established once more. Our relations with Germany and Italy are both far happier than a year ago. Gratitude and logic alike require that we end on a note of optimism and thankfulness.

THE OLD STAGER



WHERE THE ROYAL CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY WAS SPENT: A new overhead view of Sandringham showing the portion of the house occupied by the Royal Family. The nurseries of the little princesses are lighted by the three top windows on the extreme left. Then come the Queen Mother's rooms and Queen Elizabeth's suite which is in the second of the bays. The King's sitting-room lies in the centre on the ground floor

CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE ROYAL NORFOLK HOME

The Royal party, which included the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Earl and Countess of Athlone, attended the Christmas Day Morning Service at Sandringham village church, the parishioners lining the approach to greet them

A YOUNG GIANT PANDA IN CAPTIVITY

An American Woman Explorer Achieves an Unprecedented Feat

A CURIOSITY OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: Mrs. Ruth Harkness, wife of the late Mr. William H. Harkness, the well-known Asian explorer, with the giant panda, the first specimen ever to be captured alive, which she secured in the region of the Tibetan border and has now taken back to America, setting a price of £20,000 on it. Mrs. Harkness found the panda, then only a cub, in a hollow tree after its mother had bolted. At the time it weighed exactly 1½ lb. but if it lives to be full grown, will probably attain about 300 lb.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S RAREST ANIMALS: A close-up of stuffed specimens of the giant panda showing its truly extraordinary marking. It is in the main, white, but a remarkable black saddle runs right over its shoulders, down over its fore-quarters to the toes of its fore-feet, while the hind legs, the ears, the tip of the nose, and the eyes are also black, thus heightening the somewhat incongruous effect. The panda's habitat is that dim far off corner of China sometimes known as "The Lost Triangle of the World," where amid mighty ridge-backed ranges it roams for the most part unmolested by human beings

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE GUARDIANS OF THE COAST: Gifts of food being handed up to a member of the crew of the East Goodwin lightship when the launch belonging to the Missions to Seamen paid its usual round of visits, taking presents to many light keepers on the south-east coast who had to spend the festive season on duty

THE FESTIVE SEASON ON ALPINE HEIGHTS: Mr. Claude Elliott, headm... pany with many other notabilities, they spent the Christmas holidays. ... attracted quite a large crowd by reason of the spectacular nature of the s... one of which is visible here at the foot of the hill. Grouped in the foreg... hotels after the conclusion of the programme of events. The seas... centres are on the whole excellent. This ...

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE: The scene at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, a... Lord Mayor of London, started the immense task of distributing parcels ... in the Distressed Areas of South Wales and the North where things w...

Eton, and his son, John, out on the ski-ing slopes of Suvretta, where, in com-
The great ski-jump at St. Moritz during the Boxing Day meeting, which, as usual,
sprinkling of onlookers lined the course but the majority occupied the stands,
are pony sledges and their drivers waiting to take the spectators back to their
vitzerland and Austria is now well under way, and reports from the various
here was plenty of sunshine and no dearth of snow

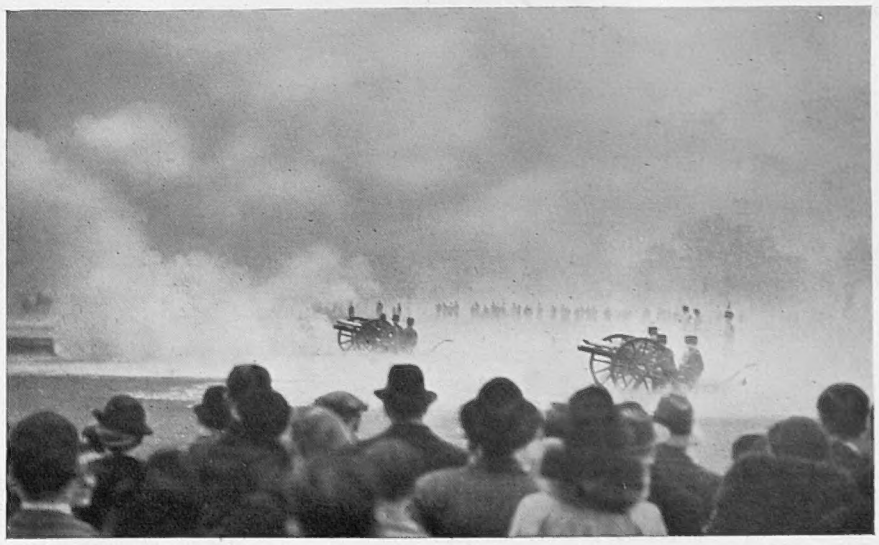
naston Studd, wife of Sir Kynaston Studd, president of the Polytechnic and former
or. Such distributions were on a wider scale than ever this Christmas, particularly
ganised that few homes went entirely without a measure of those extra luxuries

THE BIRTH OF THE ROYAL PRINCESS

The Duchess of Kent's Baby Daughter Acclaimed by a Salvo of Guns

A CHRISTMAS "HAPPY EVENT": A recent study of the Duchess of Kent riding beside the Duke in their car. The birth of their daughter at 11.20 on the morning of December 25 aroused Empire-wide gratification as also did the news that mother and child were doing excellently. In accordance with the long-standing custom at royal births, the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, was present at No. 3, Belgrave Square, at the time

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT: Another characteristic picture of the parents of the new Princess of the House of Windsor. The Duke and Duchess were married in 1934, and their first child was born on October 9, 1935



HONOURING THE NEW ARRIVAL: A salute of 41 guns being fired in Hyde Park to mark the birth of the Duke and Duchess of Kent's daughter, who now comes sixth in line of succession to the throne. The baby weighed 6½ lb. at birth, and has blue eyes and fair hair, bearing a very close resemblance to her 14 months old brother Prince Edward

WORLD INCIDENTS OF CHRISTMASTIDE, 193

CANADA'S FIVE PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS: The famous Dionne quintuplets of Callander, Ontario, are here seen with their Christmas tree which is mounted on a light sledge. The quins present a gay appearance in their banded woollen coats. From left to right they are Cecilie, Annette, Marie, Yvonne, and Emilie. recent months public interest in the children has increased markedly and the to of Callander's accommodation is often taxed to the limit by the influx of sightse

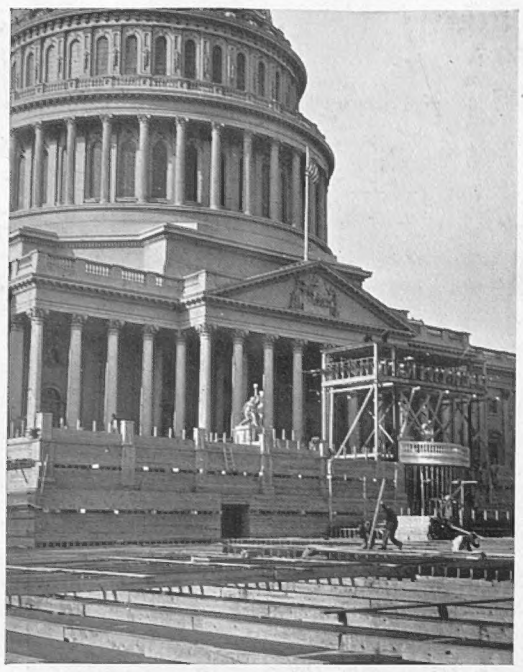
A STRUGGLE Ã OUTRANCE: Occasionally two stags fighting for supremacy will find that their antlers become interlocked in such a way that no break-away is possible. Sometimes both contestants are found lying dead. In this case, which comes from the neighbourhood of Ogden, Utah, one of the stags was still surviving when discovered by a gamekeeper, and on being freed trotted away on wobbling legs

AS AN OFFICER IN THE DUTCH ARMY: Prince Bernhard zu Lippe Biest Crown Princess Juliana of Holland on Thursday next, was sworn in a fe at the barracks of The Hague garrison. On the Prince's right was G

PROCLAIMING KING GEORGE VI IN THE INDIAN EMPIRE: The ceremony of announcing the accession took place at several points in India and was marked by similar pageantry to that at home. In Calcutta the proclamation was read by Mr. C. G. Arthur, Sheriff of the city, from the steps of the Town Hall. On his immediate right is seen standing Sir John Anderson, the Governor of Bengal, while still farther to the right is a line of a dozen or so of the High Court Judges

young nobleman who is to marry
as an officer of the Dutch army
ell, the Governor of The Hague

THE FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS JULIANA: All Holland has been agog with the approach of the nuptials of the Crown Princess with Prince Bernhard. Her Royal Highness is here seen with her mother driving to the parade ground of The Hague garrison where a review took place on the occasion of the Prince being sworn in as an officer of the Dutch army



GETTING READY FOR INAUGURATION DAY: The stand, now nearing completion outside the Capitol at Washington, from which Mr. Roosevelt will take the oath when he officially begins his second term of office as President in some days time

The American Election—And After

The United States Now a Vast Almshouse with the Man of Average Means Compelled to Foot Nearly All of the Bills

ON the basis of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's sweeping victory, in which he carried every State in the nation except Maine and Vermont, it is safe to state that the United States has definitely swung to the left. At the same time, it should be made clear that the country has not swung very far to the left, and that there is no philosophical basis for the swing. The Roosevelt victory does not represent a triumph for any theory of government. It does represent a personal victory for Roosevelt, who is a man of exceptional charm, who has one of the best radio voices the world has ever heard, who is perhaps the cleverest politician the United States has ever seen, and who is blessed with unfailing and incredible luck. For example, he recently toured the vast area that was stricken by the drought. After every speech he made, it rained; and there were plenty of people in his audiences who believed that the Lord God Omnipotent Reigning was blessing his prophet. That is a perfectly serious and considered statement, which must be appreciated to understand the psychology of the United States' vast rural population.

The Roosevelt victory also represents a triumph for organised labour, which, for the first time in its history, deserted the Republican party *en masse*. The American Federation of Labour never has been a Radical organisation. It has never been concerned with anything more profound, more penetrating, than higher wages and shorter hours. It has never been concerned with a theory of government or a theory of economics. Its sole idea has been to get more money for its members.

Now that the Committee for Industrial Organisation, headed by John Llewelyn Lewis, has robbed the A.F. of L. of one-third of its membership, the labour situation in the United States presents a complex and unpredictable situation. Lewis also backed Roosevelt, but anyone who knows the history of Lewis knows that he has never been anything but a Conservative, and doubts that he has any revolutionary intentions. In his theory of vertical integration, however, which he is opposing to the traditional horizontal craft unionism of the A.F. of L., there do lurk revolutionary implications which may lead to results that Lewis does not contemplate. But it is also true of Lewis that he has not heretofore concerned himself with any issue more searching than higher wages and shorter hours for the members of his organisation, the United Mine Workers; and it has been said of him that he has never settled a single strike except to the satisfaction of the employers.

The situation then boils down to this. The Roosevelt victory is essentially a victory for the people who want more money for less work. It is an assertion that capital must take less and give more. And this is true regardless of what loftier aim Roosevelt may cherish. It is true that in the United States great wealth has often been predatory wealth. It is true that men in high places have not felt their social responsibility for the poor and the oppressed. It is true that the country is facing a situation in which some fresh intelligence and new idealism are needed to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, and heal the sick. But it is also true that the methodology of the Roosevelt administration is fraught with grave peril.

For one thing it is imposing an almost insufferable burden on the man of limited means, the man who has accumulated not more than 100,000 dollars in collateral and who cannot finance a long period of loss. Whatever its intention is, the Roosevelt technique is playing into the hands of the vast corporations which can finance the universe if necessary, and is forcing the little man to the wall. It is also making it very difficult for the young man to get a start in life, or for a new man to go into business for himself. It is furnishing food, clothing, and shelter to take care of an emergency, but it also may be perpetuating that emergency. Certainly it is destroying the elements of the situation with which Americans were once familiar, a situation in which, if a man was intelligent and industrious and honest, he could carve out a niche for himself in the world. And it does not contemplate any new world with an articulate architecture.

I say this because it is perfectly clear that the United States cannot go on indefinitely with the Roosevelt programme. It cannot go on piling up a mountainous national debt without providing the means of paying that debt. It cannot go on paying for work which has no value, and which has no purpose except to provide an excuse for paying the unemployed a dole.

There is another angle to the situation which should be set forth in order to be fair to Roosevelt. The Republican party did not have one clear and ringing word to say in the recent campaign. It was frankly afraid to state its position. It tried to compromise and to dodge. I do not mean to say that there are not good and intelligent and courageous Republicans; but the Republicans who managed the party's campaign certainly deserved the beating they received. Surely there is no need of an apology for the Conservative position. For the mistakes, yes. For the sins, yes.

But the basic idea that a man must earn his own living, that he must pay his bills, that he must give value received, that he must stand on his own feet, that alms are something reserved for the incompetent and the unfortunate . . . surely there is no need to apologise for such a philosophy; and yet the Republican party tried to apologise. It did not have the wit to say that there are still ways in which a man can earn a living in the United States, and here is the way to go about it. So the United States continues for the present as a *vast almshouse*, with the man of average means paying most of the bills.

There may be some hope in the strong revival of trade in the East, but most of it is retail trade, and not too encouraging. Real estate in Miami, Florida, is booming again; but Miami is a special case. People who spend money in Miami spend it merely for pleasure, and it is a slight index to the economic status of the country.

More encouraging is the upward movement of real estate in New York and other Eastern cities, plus the decision of the United States Steel Corporation to invest 20,000,000 dollars in a new plant in Birmingham, Alabama. And business generally, throughout the country, is improving. Whether this improvement will continue or not depends to a considerable extent on what course Roosevelt adopts when Congress convenes in January.

Nelson Springer

INDUSTRIAL TROUBLE IN THE MIDDLE WEST: A woman handing a cup of coffee over the fence to her husband, one of the stay-in strikers at the Fisher Body Works of the Chevrolet assembly plant at Leeds, Missouri. The men downed tools in protest against the dismissal of a colleague

A GERMAN WAR LORD PASSES: General Hans von Seeckt, one of the last notabilities to die in 1936. He had a brilliant war record, though it was checked by the hostility of Ludendorff, and afterwards achieved a world-wide reputation when he took over the task of building up an efficient force out of the pitiful debris of the great army which had been defeated in war

The Toll of 1936

King George V was, of course, the most outstanding figure who passed away in 1936, but there were many others both at home and abroad whose names went to swell an obituary list as lengthy as any in recent years. Among them were:

Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby.
Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty.
Rear-Admiral Sims, American Navy's War Commander.
G. K. Chesterton.
Cunninghame Graham.
Maxim Gorky, Russian novelist.
Professor A. E. Housman, poet and scholar.
Beatrice Harraden, author.
Dr. M. R. James, Provost of Eton.
Rudyard Kipling.
Justin Huntly McCarthy, dramatist and novelist.
Sir Henry Lytton, old "Savoyard."
Sir Frederick Macmillan, publisher.
Thomas Marlowe, former editor of the *Daily Mail*.
Sir Owen Seaman, former editor of *Punch*.
Oscar Asche, actor-manager.
Charles Aitken, C.B., Director of the Tate Gallery from 1911 to 1930.
T. Campbell Black, air pilot.
Louis Bleriot, first airman to fly the Channel.
Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, Australian airman.
Lord Banbury, member of Parliament for the City of London from 1906 to 1924.
Dame Henrietta Barnett, social worker.
Sir Edgar Britten, captain of the *Queen Mary*.
Rev. W. H. Carnegie, Canon of Westminster.
Hon. Stephen Coleridge, director of Anti-Vivisection Society and author.
Harold Cox, economist.
Sir Edward Clarke, chairman of London Sessions.
Lord Darling.
Viscount Hanworth, former Master of the Rolls.
Dr. Percy Dearmer, Canon of Westminster.
Madame Guy d'Hardelot, song-writer.
Major Coningsby Disraeli, last of Lord Beaconsfield's male relatives.
Lord William Cecil, Bishop of Exeter.
Sir Charles Harding Firth, Oxford historian.
Sir Richard Glazebrook, Director of the National Physical Laboratory from 1899 to 1919.
Conchita Supervia, coloratura contralto.
H. Plunket Greene, singer.
Dame Clara Butt, contralto.
Sir Philip Ben Greet.
Professor J. S. Haldane, scientist.
Sir Charles Holmes, Director of the National Gallery, 1916–28.
Lord Invernairn, formerly Sir William Beardmore, Scottish industrialist.
Edward Laurillard, theatrical manager.
Lord Marshall, former Lord Mayor of London.
Sir Theodore Morison, educationist.
Lord Moynihan, surgeon.
T. E. Page, classical scholar.
Karl Pearson, Emeritus Professor of Eugenics at London University.
Sir William Peat, accountant.
Sir Lionel Phillips, survivor of Jameson Raid.
Cora Brown Potter, actress.
Sir Harry Preston.
Sir Felix Schuster, banker.
The Rt. Hon. Edward Shortt, President of Board of Film Censors and former Home Secretary.
Charles Adrian Stokes, artist.
G. S. Street, former Examiner of Plays.
Sir John Bland-Sutton, surgeon.
Eleutherios Venizelos, Greek statesman.
George Dern, Minister of War in the Roosevelt Cabinet.

Ski-ing in Japan

CARNIVAL AT NIPPON'S ST. MORITZ: Ski-ing enthusiasts parading in fancy dress through Fugadaira, the winter sports centre which lies in the hill country about two hours train journey from Tokyo and in the season is invariably thronged with visitors. Ski-ing in Japan is achieving great popularity, and is one of many factors contributing to the improvement in the nation's physique

PAUSE AT THE SUMMIT: Two charming young skiers enjoying a rest after an arduous climb. Their fashionable winter sports wear, the latest thing in the Tokyo shops, is of distinctly Western inspiration. *On right*—Participants in the Fugadaira carnival with an emblem ingeniously made up of ski-ing equipment

FIRST STEPS: Students of a Japanese girls' school parading for ski-ing instruction. *On right*—WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL: A cheerful group of winter sports enthusiasts pictured at the window of their hotel. Fugadaira not only attracts Japanese visitors, for every year an increasing number of Europeans go there, many of them from Shanghai's English and American colonies

KALAAT-EL-HOSN—"THE CASTLE OF THE STRONGHOLD": This mighty fortress, which is one of the finest survivals of Crusading days and is perhaps better known as the Krak des Chevaliers, is now being restored and will doubtless become one of the show places of Syria. Within its walls were a palace, a church, an armoury, and a barracks, and there was accommodation for no fewer than 2 000 men and stabling for about 1,000 horses. For a hundred years and more the banner of the Knights of St. John waved above the principal tower

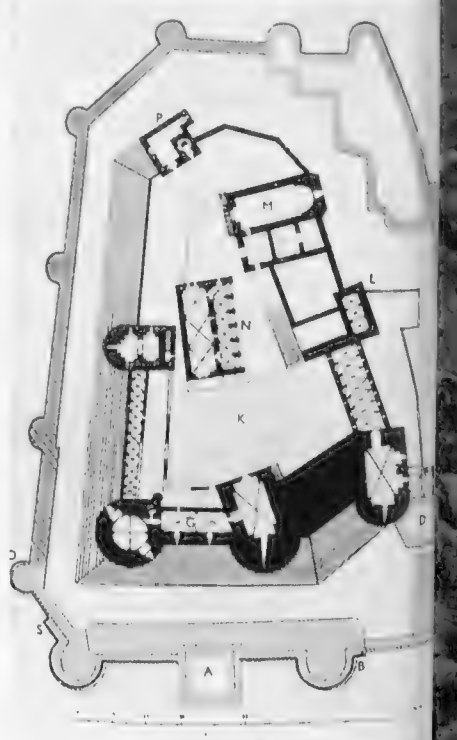
AN UNDERGROUND GALLERY of the Krak des Chevaliers with light streaming in through apertures in the roof. It was here that the knights stored their equipment

SCATTERED over the Near East—more particularly in Palestine, Syria, and Tra jordania—there are innumerable monuments of the Crusaders in the form castles, forts, towers, churches, monasteries, and the like, and the decision to rest the more historic of them is a commendable one. The Antiquities Department of Palestine Government is giving attention to the Crusaders' castle at Athlit, to the s of Haifa. They have cleared the ruins of the Beduins who had taken possession them, moved tons of débris and refuse, made dangerous parts of the masonry safe, so rendered the site more accessible. In the same way the authorities in Transjorda are repairing the Crusaders' castle at Kerak. Then over the border in Syria Fren archæologists are restoring several of these memorials of a romantic age, including mighty fortress of Kalaat-el-Hosn, as well as the great castles of Sahyun and Marg and the Crusader cathedral at Tartous.

It was the Crusaders who were responsible for the first great contact between East and the West. Into Europe they brought much from the East, and in turn their mark upon the lands they invaded. The very names of some of the villages Palestine, such as Belfort, Belvoir, Mirabel, Blanchegarde, or Sinjil (St. Giles) bespe

Lawrence's Interest in Syria's Monuments

The Crusader castles here illustrated formed the material for a now famous thesis by the late Colonel Lawrence of Arabia. When an undergraduate at Jesus College, Oxford, in 1910, he took advantage of the new regulation permitting a candidate for final examination in history to submit a thesis as an additional part of the examination. His subject concerned the Crusades and their influence upon military architecture at the end of the twelfth century. This thesis was presented with a wealth of original detail and rendered possible by the journeys he had made during the previous four years. Lawrence's account was copiously illustrated. There was a suggestion at the time that it should be published but it was not until last year that it saw the light by way of the Golden Cockerel Press, who published it and letters relating to it in two beautifully printed volumes



56 KALAAT-EL-HOSN

THE INNER AND OUTER WARDS OF KALA HOSN: An illustration from *Crusader Casti* book by Lawrence of Arabia, which has re been published by the Golden Cockerel

PRESERVING THE CRUSADER CASTLES

Great Fortresses of Syria and Palestine, Many of which are Now Being Restored to their Pristine Greatness

Crusader influence. It was Peter the Hermit who was responsible for the Crusades, and for two centuries, from 1093 to 1291, armies from Western Europe, led by pious knights, invaded Syria and Palestine and waged a holy war for the possession of Jerusalem and the holy places. In that struggle there was breathed a spirit of romantic fervour—religious, social, commercial, and military—that has never ceased to challenge the admiration and wonder of succeeding centuries.

Up to the eleventh century Christian pilgrims visited Jerusalem without any serious vexation. Then came the Saracen invasion and pilgrims were not only extortionately taxed, but their very lives imperilled. This led to the call of the First Crusade, when armies from Western Europe, led by noble leaders, marched down through Syria, captured Antioch, and laid siege to Jerusalem. After a stiff battle the city was taken, Godfrey de Bouillon being the first of the Crusader leaders to set foot in the Holy City. His followers wanted to make him King of Jerusalem, but he replied. "God forbid that I should wear a crown of gold where my master wore a crown of thorns." So he took the oath to be just "Baron of Jerusalem and Advocate of the Holy Sepulchre."

Although Jerusalem was now in possession of the Crusaders, pilgrims on their way hither were nevertheless subject to attack from bandits. This led to the formation of a special order, the Knights Templars, whose duty it was to protect pilgrims on their way to and from the Holy City. It was said of these men that they never asked the number of the foe, but rather, "In what direction is he?" About the same time another order was organised, devoted to the care of the sick and wounded pilgrims, known as the Knights of St. John, which is still in existence. and on the Bethlehem Road, just outside Jerusalem, stands the British Ophthalmic Hospital which they still maintain.

These soldiers of the Cross continued to hold sway in Palestine until they were defeated by Saladin, and Richard the Lion-hearted was forced to conclude a treaty with him whereby "the people of the West were to be at liberty to make pilgrimages to Jerusalem and to be exempt from all taxes." Palestine is certainly rich in Crusader memorials. Even the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself may be said to represent Crusader work, for

(Continued on p. 12)

SAHYUN CASTLE, which lies just to the south of Antioch, Syria, as seen by Colonel Lawrence. An opening in his book on *Crusader Castles*, showing on left a pen-and-ink sketch of the fortress from the south-east, and (right) a rough sketch with a note pointing out that here the hill is almost unclimbable

A PERILOUS APPROACH: The main entrance to Sahyun, which in crusading days could only be reached by a single drawbridge carried over a narrow part of a ravine. The bridge has now disappeared, but the lofty column, surmounted by masonry, that supported it in the centre is still in existence. In common with Kalaat-el-Hosn steps are now being taken to restore and preserve the place

A FINE NATURAL FORTRESS: A general impression of Sahyun, showing its truly magnificent defensive position, standing as it does on an island site in the mountains, the slopes on three sides falling away sheer to the ravine below, thus rendering the chances of successful assault remote. it eventually fell to Saladin, but this is understandable, for few things came amiss to that great captain who as a leader was without compare, and as a besieger of strongholds ranked second only to his contemporary Richard. When a young man, Lawrence of Arabia made extensive investigations there, incorporating his findings in the thesis mentioned on left

PRESERVING THE C

The Mighty Stronghc
being Restored and ma

FOURSQUARE AGAINST THE ELEMENTS: One of the mighty walls and turrets of the Krak des Chevaliers as they are to-day, overgrown with moss and vegetation but still almost completely intact, evidencing how skilfully and how lastingly the Crusaders built. The outward slope of the wall is an interesting feature of construction

(Continued from page 11)

the south façade and many parts of the sacred building were built by them during their occupation of the city. Both at Ramleh and Lydda, two important towns on the road between Jerusalem and Jaffa, may be seen churches built by the Crusaders. Near Arsuf there are the remains of an old castle which was occupied by King Richard. At Athlit, farther north, a little to the south of Mount Carmel, there are the remains of what was once a mighty Crusaders' stronghold. The ruins stand on a promontory jutting out into the sea. All we have to-day are the remains of a great tower, magazines, church, huge banqueting hall, cisterns, and tombs. It was the principal seat of the Knights Templars where pilgrims visiting the Holy Land used to land. The site has been the scene of some interesting excavations. The ruins have been cleared of debris and are being repaired.

THE CRUMBLING RUINS OF BELFORT which stand alone and commandingly on a great mound, dating from the days when Galilee was the outpost of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem and its borders were strongly protected by fortresses. Many of these places built by Crusaders were given European names, Belfort, Beauvoir, Château Neuf, and Montfort being among the most notable examples

MARGAB UNDER MOONLIGHT: This was the Syrian castle to which Richard I consigned Isaac Commenus, ruler of Cyprus, because he failed to welcome Queen Berengaria to his island with becoming hospitality. The unfortunate man remained there for the rest of his life

Attention is also being paid to the ruins of the Crusaders' castle at Kerak, in Transjordania. In Bible times this was the site of the capital of Moab. The Crusaders mistook the place for Petra, and looking upon the site as the key to Egypt and Mecca, erected one of their mightiest castles here. It was more than once besieged by Saladin. Of one of these sieges the chronicler relates the following instance of the chivalrous conduct of war between Christian and Muslim in those days. Renaud of Chatillon's stepson, Humphreys, had just been married and in order to celebrate the occasion Renaud sent presents of wine and meat to Saladin, who had arrived to besiege him. Saladin accepted the gift and inquired where the quarters of the bridal couple were. When shown the tower he gave orders to his army to avoid attacking it, or even shooting near it in the course of their operations. Part of the castle is used to-day as a police post. The town of Kerak itself is an irregular congeries of flat mud-roofed houses. In the Christian quarter is the Church of St. George, while the mosque is also a building of Christian origin. The town is surrounded by a wall with five watch towers, but entrance is now obtained through breaches in the structure, whereas once it was accessible only by tunnels cut in the rocky substratum.

In Transjordania we have two interesting Arab castles, the Kalaat Er-Rabad, occupying a commanding hill-top some little distance from Jerash, built by one of Saladin's Emirs in 1184, and El-Azrak, erected in the thirteenth century, standing in an oasis some seventy miles in the desert east of Amman. Both of them are now in a dilapidated condition.

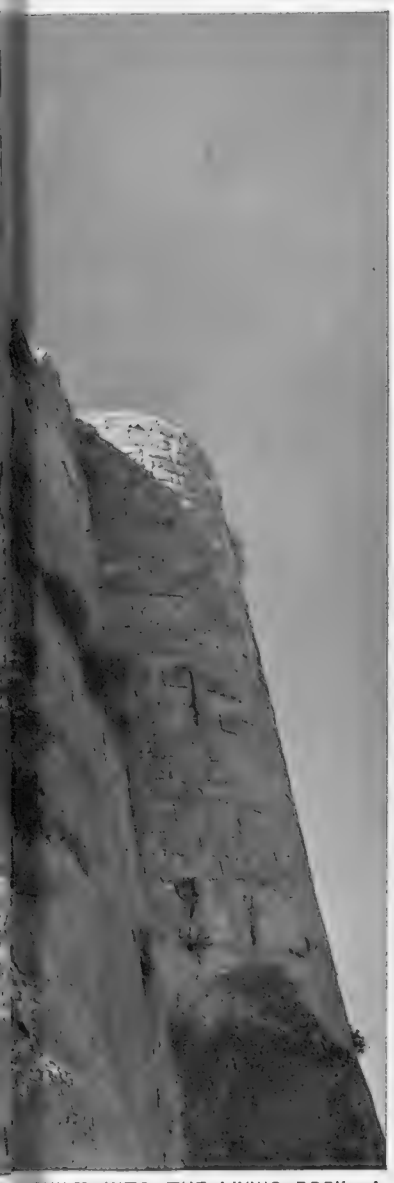
Just over the border, in Syria, is Belfort Castle, standing alone on a great mound, a conspicuous landmark for miles. I recall discovering a little patch of snapdragon flowers on its walls. As the plant is not found elsewhere in Syria the inference is that some Crusader's lady brought it from the garden of a far-off French or English home.

A little farther north, lying to the west of Homs and Hama, we have a number of historic Crusader memorials—the great castles of Kalaat el-Hosn, Safita, and Margab, and the very interesting remains of a cathedral at Tartous, probably the finest example of Crusader church architecture in all the East. The primary object of these great fortresses was to protect Tripoli and the coast.

Kalaat-el-Hosn is deserving of mention for when the proposed restoration work is carried out it will undoubtedly become one of the show places of Syria. It is the greatest and best preserved of all the castles erected by the Crusaders. It was a great fortified citadel perched 1,000 ft. upon a prominence overlooking an extensive plain. Within its walls were a palace, church, barracks, and armoury. It maintained a garrison of 2,000 men-at-arms and had stables for 1,000 horses. For more than 100 years the banner of the Knights of St. John waved proudly over the chatelain's tower, while the commander of the castle looked forth from his window confident that his walls and moats and ramparts were impregnable against attack. So far as record

SADER CASTLES

of Palestine and Syria
Accessible to the Tourist



BUILT INTO THE LIVING ROCK: A close-up revealing the manner in which the walls of Sahyun were welded with the foundations. No fortress could have been built with more cunning, for the Frankish knights were masters of the art

THE CAVALIERS' TOWER of the Krak des Chevaliers. Running along the wall in the foreground is a water conduit linking with the officers' quarters

THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE KRAK DES CHEVALIERS: Since the castle's purchase by the French Government, the numerous unsightly peasant homes that nestled round the walls have been demolished, thus enhancing the dignity of the scene. The hole in the foreground shows where a hot air bath has been excavated

show no enemy ever succeeded in gaining entrance to the castle while it was in the occupation of the Crusaders.

Margab, which means "watchtower," is where Richard imprisoned for life Isaac Commenus, ruler of Cyprus, because he had not welcomed England's shipwrecked Queen with becoming hospitality. The chamber in which he was confined is still pointed out. The castle walls and towers still stand complete. The chapel, with its flagstone flooring, raised altar platform, groined ceiling, and roof of stone, seems all ready for a service. Unique in its situation is Sahyun Castle, near Laodicea, to the south of Antioch. Among the hills here rises a steep and rocky mound above the surrounding country. Its sides are precipitous slopes 300 ft. deep. Upon the summit of this mound stands the fortress. Access was gained to it by a drawbridge which was carried over the ravine on a column of native stone surmounted by masonry. Despite its apparently impregnable position the fortress fell to the assaults of Saladin. Richest of all in these Crusader castles is Upper Galilee which in the twelfth century was the outpost of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem and, as such, its borders were strongly protected, the fortresses nearly all being erected on hill-top sites of outstanding strategical value. Most of them were at one time or another the scene of desperate encounters with the Muslims.

The attempts now being made to render these memorials of the Crusaders more accessible and to restore them as far as possible should do not a little to call attention to these interesting relics of a picturesque and romantic age.

H. J. Shepstone

GEMS OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE NEAR EAST: *Left*—The chapel in the castle of Margab with its flagstone flooring, raised altar platform, and groined ceiling, to-day stands deserted though in quite good preservation. *Right*—The loggia of the inner ward of the Krak des Chevaliers, the only way through which an invading force could find an entrance into the heart of the castle in the event of its successfully negotiating the outer walls, in itself a feat of rare difficulty

SOLDIERS OF THE INSUR

WINTER IN THE TRENCHES: An insurgent volunteer, enshrouded in a great cloak to serve as protection against the biting winds, pauses for a moment in order to read a letter from home. A fine example of the work of Carlos S. de Tejada, a Spanish artist who has been fighting for the rebel cause, and who spent the first months of the war on the Northern front

BACKBONE OF THE NORTHERN FORCES: A typical Carlist volunteer of the Province of Alava, in the Basque country. It is men such as this who have for decades steadfastly maintained and fought fanatically for their belief in the lost Carlist cause, and who have now thrown in their lot with Franco, having no use for the principles of Communism and its tempting offers

A PEASANT LEVY: Another fine example of the work of Señor de Tejada whose sense of atmosphere, colour, and line give to his drawings such a vital quality. In the days before the civil war he achieved quite a reputation as an illustrator, being well known throughout the Peninsula

DRAWINGS BY CARLOS S. DE TEJADA,

The Distinguished Spanish Illustrator

THE drawings give a vivid glimpse of the varying types fighting for the insurgent cause, men from nearly every part of the Iberian Peninsula. There regionalism is more marked than in any other country of Europe, and from provincial frontier to provincial frontier character, manners, and customs change to an extraordinary degree.

"Four great divisions are apparent to everybody who has visited the country with open eyes and a receptive intelligence," S. L. Bensusan wrote in his *Home Life in Spain*. "There is the north, including the Basque provinces, inhabited by sturdy, independent men and women who still have a certain number of laws (*fueros*) that do not apply to other regions. There is the south, the country of vineyards tenanted by people whose nature has to all outward seeming nothing in common with that of the north. The Andalusian is neither idle nor gay as he is depicted so often. In the busy, bustling east you have yet another type of Spaniard—progressive, ambitious, hard-working, and well informed. Side by side in this region we find the sober man of affairs and the anarchist.

"We find the peaceful, prosperous citizen and the eloquent orator who believes that if he talks long enough and with sufficient applause from the lovers of well-sounding words, the Millennium will hear him.

"In the centre and west we come to the land of vast open spaces, where one may ride for hours without seeing more than an occasional *granja* or farm. A flock of goats or a herd of pigs moves across the open country in charge of men or boys as far removed from the twentieth century as the shepherds of the Theocritean idylls, they know the extremes of heat and cold, of poverty and privation

GENT ARMY: THROUGH THÉ EYES OF A SPANISH ARTIST

A FASCIST INFANTRYMAN: A strong, self-reliant type, his muscular arms clearly evidencing that he is country-bred. This picture shows him wearing his summer kit, long since discarded

but as a class they are perhaps happier than the most of those who live in big cities.

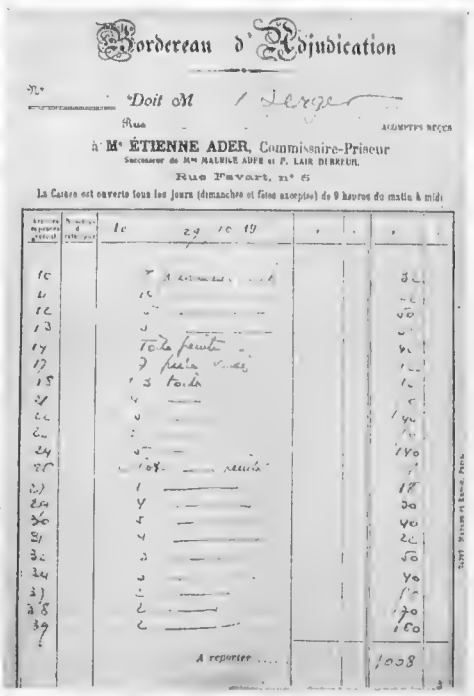
"Here then we have four distinct regions with nothing in common. But regionalism in Spain is not limited to four districts or to forty. To the Spaniard the city or even the village of his birth is all the world that matters. When a Spaniard says "*mi pueblo*," his mind has gone back to the village of his birth, where his patron saint is enshrined, where the politics are his own, and where his patriotism is localised."

VILLAGERS OF THE RIOJA—the famous wine-growing district between Bilbao and Saragossa which, because of its warm climate and fertility, is often called "La Andalucia del Norte." These men have been fighting in the Somosierra, the hill country to the north of Madrid, and have endured great hardships as a result of the cold. *On left*—A Captain of Requletes (troops of Carlist origin) wearing a scapulary on which are the words "Avaunt bullet! the heart of Jesus protects me"

A ROMANCE OF THE PARIS ART WORLD

G. E. Gondouin and the Humble Art Dealer who Brought Him Posthumous Fame

THE MAN AND HIS WORK: *Above*—Emmanuel Gondouin standing beside one of his pictures and (*right*) his clever portrait of Clemenceau, revealing an innate ability to portray character. Gondouin died two years ago, going to an all but forgotten grave after a lifetime of intense struggle in which he never won the recognition he deserved. Now at last his name looms large and, strange to say, a humble Paris art dealer has been the means of bringing him this posthumous fame by recognising the value of his works and rescuing them from a sale of what was supposed to be no more than junk



Bordereau d'Adjudication

Doit M. Berger

à Me ÉTIENNE ADER, Commissaire-Priseur

Successeur de Mes MAURICE ADER et P. LAIR DUBREUIL

Rue Favart, n° 6

La Caisse est ouverte tous les Jours (dimanche et fêtes exceptés) de 9 heures du matin à midi

A reporter 1008

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE BILL OF SALE, showing some of the rock-bottom prices paid by M. Berger at the Gondouin auction

THE SALE OF GONDOUIN'S EFFECTS: The artist's furniture and pictures awaiting disposal in a Paris auction yard. It was there that M. Berger, a poor dealer from the "Marché aux Puces," the Paris equivalent of London's Caledonian Market, saw the paintings and decided to buy them for their artistic value and not, as he and his colleagues had originally intended, for the value of the frames and canvas

A TRAGEDY OF UNFULFILMENT: The house at St. Cloud which Gondouin started to have built for himself at a time when he was prospering. His luck left him, however, and he was unable to pay for its completion

A CORNER OF THE ARTIST'S STUDIO: Lying on the table is Gondouin's collection of press clippings referring to his work

THE DEALER WHO KNEW: M. Berger with one of the Gondouins he acquired so cheaply and which have since brought him in a fortune. Altogether he purchased 150 works in oil and 300 water colours *Below*—Gondouin's grave

M. Berger's Auction Bargain

450 Works of Art bought for a modest 1,600 Francs

FACT is always outstripping fiction, romance and drama are always in the offing, especially in the art world.

A story of this nature that has thrilled all Paris is that of Gondouin and Berger, the painter and the art dealer.

Gondouin was an artist of no mean skill, but in his lifetime he had to struggle hard to achieve even a measure of success. Most of his days he had to reckon in centimes, and but rarely did luck come his way. Once, when he had earned a comparatively big sum for a number of commissions, he started to build a house, but before it could be completed his resources were exhausted. Like many a painter he had no practical sense. He felt he was ruined. Within a short while he fell ill and in 1934 he died.

Later, his effects were put up for auction, and among them many of his paintings.

By chance a dealer by the name of Berger attended the sale. He had a stall in the "Marché aux Puces," the Paris equivalent of London's Caledonian market, and he was anxious to buy some good picture frames, intending to repair and sell them. The canvases he would wash clean and dispose of to artists unable to afford new equipment.

But when the sale began Berger took notice of the pictures for their own sake. Here was something really worth while, he thought, and, after a few heart searchings, he decided to back his own judgment; though where the necessary money was to come from he had no idea. He himself had been a painter once, and, although poverty had forced him to give up, he felt a brother artist's sympathy for the sad fate of Gondouin's art.

So he began to bid. Lot after lot fell to him, and, although the prices were infinitesimal, the total began to mount alarmingly as far as his own slender purse was concerned. But he stuck to it, and when the sale ended he had acquired 150 oil paintings and 300 water colours for a total cost of 1,600 francs, or about £16.

Fortunately Berger had credit with the auctioneer, with whom he had for long been acquainted. So he put down his only available 100 francs as security and went off to the Latin quarter, determined to raise a loan.

In this he was successful, and thus he made not only his own fortune but saved for posterity the work of a notable artist. For the news of the deal spread, eventually coming to the ears of Edouard Herriot, the politician and friend of the arts. Herriot congratulated the dealer, and this recognition from one so highly placed brought hundreds flocking to buy the pictures, eager to pay practically any price that might be asked.

RUBENS AND HIS TIME: *THREE GEMS FROM THE EXHIBITION AT THE MUSÉE DE L'ORANGERIE, PARIS*

THE MASTER HAND: A delightful study of two children, probably those of the artist, reflecting to the full the flamboyant glory of Rubens' genius. The picture was lent by Princess Radziwill to the exhibition of the works of Rubens and his contemporaries which was inaugurated a short while ago at the Musee de l'Orangerie, Paris. Private collectors and museums in all parts of the world contributed, and among the many noted painters represented were Van Dyck, Jordaens, Cornelis de Vos, Van Uden, de Crayer, and Seghers

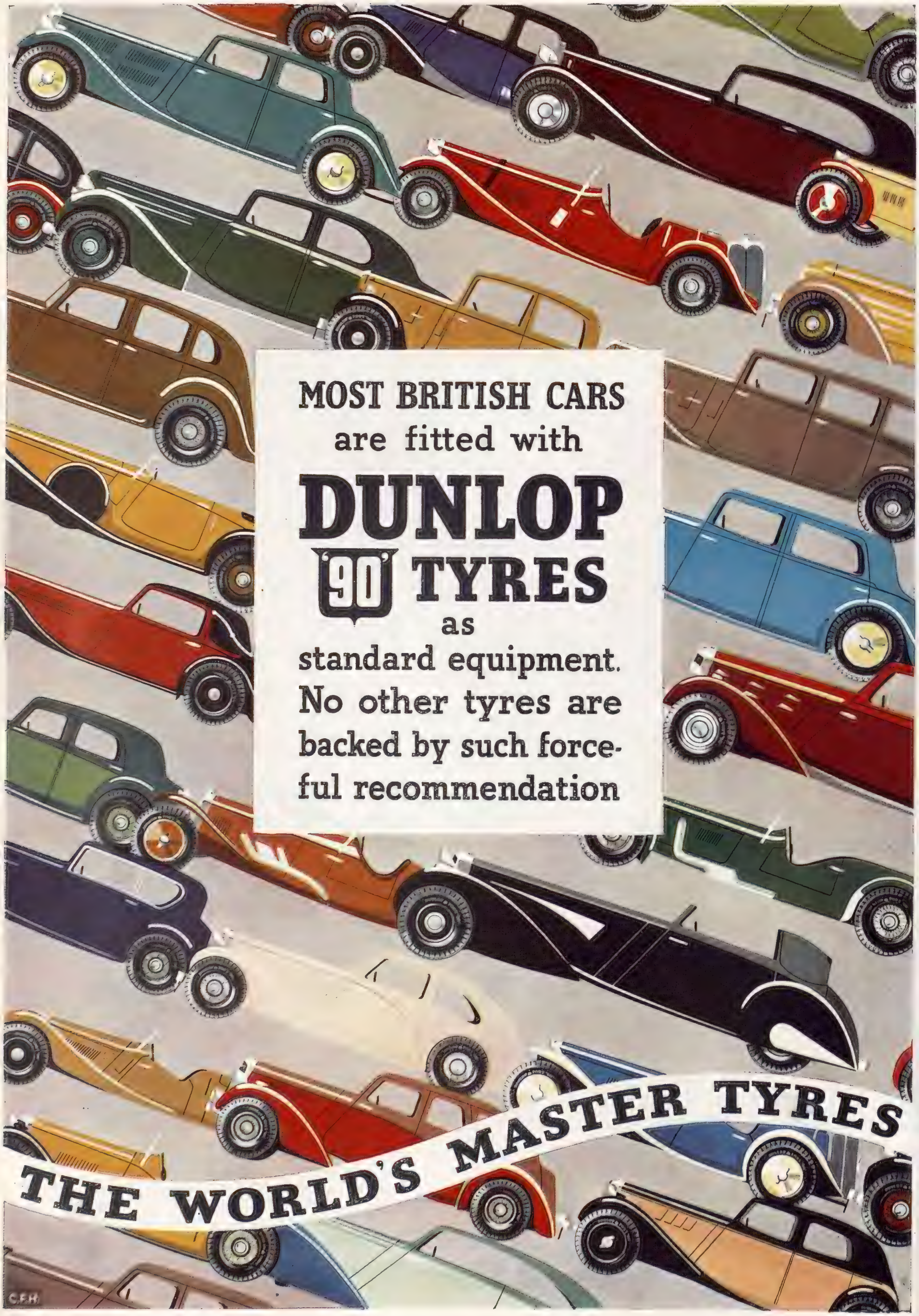
"THE ABBÉ SCAGLIA": This Van Dyck, illustrative of the artist's dignified restraint that was in such marked contrast to the exuberance of his contemporary, Rubens, was lent to the Paris exhibition from the collection of Sir George Lindsay Holford, K.C.V.O.

SELF PORTRAIT BY RUBENS: Another striking exhibit at the Musée de l'Orangerie, loaned by the Vienna Art Museum. Portraits occupy a comparatively small space in the catalogue of this great painter's works for his output in other directions was prodigious, but none the less they present an important aspect of his art

A Running Fight Between a Revenue Cutter and a Smuggling Craft off the Isle of Wight

FROM A PAINTING BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

The early years of the nineteenth century were perhaps the heyday of the English smuggler, for the high tariffs then obtaining and the variety of articles then dutiable were a distinct incentive to would-be breakers of the law. In 1820 Sydney Smith commented on how "Taxes are levied on everything that enters the mouth, covers the back, or is placed under foot. At bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay". At about the same time a naval officer, who had been both smuggler and hunter of smugglers, stated that to his own certain knowledge five ships were operating between France and the Kent and Sussex coast, each bringing in £3,000 worth of tea and brandy weekly, and some of these vessels were far faster than the Revenue cutters sent to capture them. This last point is made plain in the above picture by Mr. Montague Dawson, the well-known marine artist, who depicts a running fight and shows, on the right, a smuggling craft, with her long, raking lines, streaking away from her adversary. The zeal and enthusiasm of those engaged in stamping out smuggling are beyond question, but this inferiority in speed was a terrible handicap and was undoubtedly one of the greatest difficulties against which they had to work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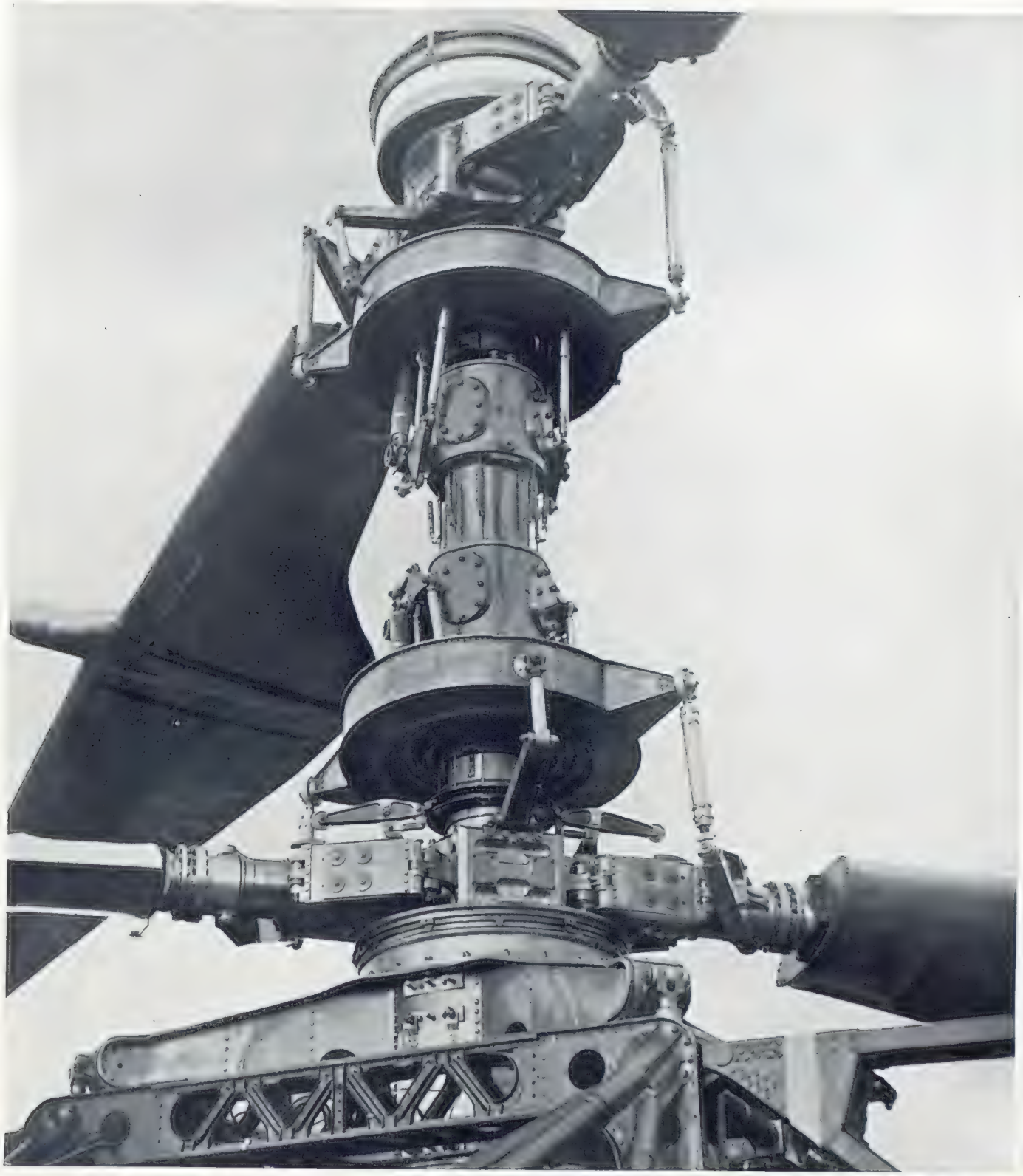


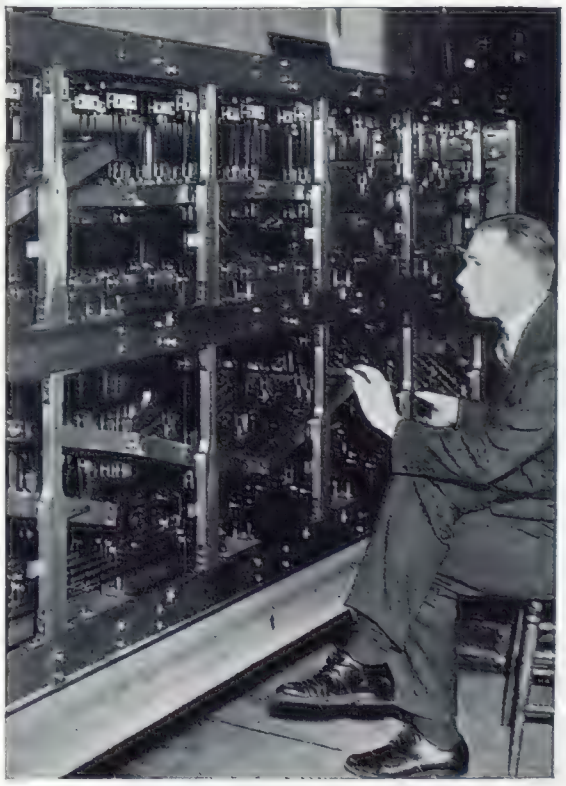
FRANCE PERSISTS WITH THE HELICOPTER: The vertical axle carrying the upper and lower rotating blades of the new Breguet-Dorand helicopter which is now being tested out at Villacoublay, Paris, and with which it is thought that it will be possible to fly the Atlantic. The machine is fitted with a 9-cylinder Hispano engine developing 300 h.p. and like many helicopters, its mode of operation is based on the findings of such early aeronautical pioneers as Alphonse Penaud and Sir George Cayley who in 1796 evolved the idea of building a model with superimposed screws rotating in opposite directions. The helicopter has of recent years found little favour, except in France, where designers have evidently been fascinated by its ability to rise from a confined space. In this, however, it is clearly rivalled by the autogiro brought to such perfection by the Spanish designer, Cierva

IN SEARCH OF WATER: Sinking a 1,150 ft. bore hole at Slough, Bucks; a task that is arousing much interest, as for the first time in this country a new chemical solution is being used which plasters the walls of the bore hole with a deposit, thus preventing collapse

MECHANICAL NOVELTIES

Some Interesting New Devices

Dr. Wilbur's ingenious calculator, which is illustrated on right, is designed to solve simultaneous linear algebraic equations to nine or more unknowns. Once the conditions of an equation have been set on the machine, a single operation of the mechanism carries out in a few seconds mathematical processes that would by other methods occupy many hours of highly skilled work



THE SIMULTANEOUS CALCULATOR: The new machine, planned to solve the most intricate mathematical problems, which is being developed by Dr. J. B. Wilbur at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The calculator has 13,000 parts, including 600 ft. of steel tape

THE WOMEN OF HUIZEN, the old fishing port on the Zuyder Zee, about an hour's journey from Amsterdam, wear picturesque caps of muslin and lace, standing straight up from their foreheads and curving gracefully behind the neck. The plain or striped gingham apron is worn over a long, black skirt, while the sleeves of the blouse are cut very full. This mode of dress is only adopted by the matrons, children and young girls being more gaily clad

YOUTH OF THE ZUYDER ZEE: *Left*—Looking out across the waters from the cobbled quay of Volendam, a village much beloved of artists. The lace caps worn by the girls almost enshroud their faces. *Right*—A little girl of Spakenburg in a neat black satin bonnet and an apron of checked gingham. On the shoulders are stiff epaulettes of patterned print

Pictures by Constance N. Daly

CONVERSATION IN THE MARKET PLACE: Another picturesque type of Dutch costume, the feature of which is the lace cap. Roman Catholics wear them shaped square while Protestants wear them round. The bodices relieve the sombre effect of the long, black skirts

Change by the Zuyder Zee

The People Remain, as Picturesque as Ever, but bereft of their Old Calling, the Sea

A NUMBER of years ago I picked up an old French book dedicated to the Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee; but those cities were not dead; they had undergone a sea-change. From thriving Hanza depots of international merchandise they had become centres of interior barge-borne trade, and the home ports of big fishing fleets. I saw quite a lot of them, and soon realised that they were far from dead, whatever the old French book might say.

They didn't look in the least bit like dying. They looked to be composed of those primary elements that do not die. They smelled of tar, stale coffee, wet rope, anchovies, and smoke-drying eel. They looked to be fixed on the eternal highway of human necessity.

The trouble is, that highway is subject to the caprice of Governments against which there is no appeal to heaven; and the towns and villages of the Zuyder Zee look like dying after all. In fact, there is no Zuyder Zee any more. Sea-ports have become lakeside villages. The heart of Holland has had all the blood pumped out of it; and the skill of the operation leads one to suppose that no ultimate harm to the patient will develop.

And, so clever are we all these days, perhaps a means will be found to keep the old towns and villages of the Zuyder Zee alive. I used to live close to one of them—Huizen, about an hour's run along the dyke from Amsterdam. Rows of old, mouldering houses along each side of the narrow harbour: a fishing fleet of 200 sturdy, broad-beamed vessels: big, smelly smoke-houses in which 95 per cent. of the total Zuyder Zee herring catch was smoked before despatch to the Rhineland and Saxony.

Two hundred vessels five years ago: to-day, twenty-five. And the smelly smoke-houses have all been run together to make factories for the production of linoleum, paper goods, and bleaching-powder! That way, Huizen will undoubtedly keep alive; and may even, very soon, feel ashamed of those twenty-five fishing vessels that still rock in the harbour, their obstinate old skippers squatting at the stern with a pipe and a mug of coffee.

They are rather fine types, the people of Huizen: tall and slim: usually dark-eyed, and almost olive-skinned, with long delicate features. One wonders how much of Spain was left in this quiet corner of Holland.

After Volendam and Marken, Spakenburg has the most charming dress of any town or village in this part of Holland. The lace caps and coral beads of the unmarried, the golden helmets and ruffs of the married, and the pretty bodices of both, make the women and girls of Spakenburg look like a family of dolls.

See them marching along the dyke to church on Sunday morning; as foreground the thin harbour crammed with vessels and twisting through a host of tiny houses, a host of tiny golden bricks and tiny bridges with kinks in the middle, to the grey-blue, shallow sea. See them at their doorsteps, seated on three-legged stools peeling potatoes, or knitting, or mending nets. See them boxing anchovies.

I had forgotten. You cannot see them doing these things any longer. There are no more anchovies, very few eel or herring, and only a dozen or so terribly worn nets. Now, if you wish to see the girls of Spakenburg, you must stand on the high dyke roads that wind through the polders to the towns of Amersfoort and Baarn. High dyke roads through avenues of thin trees all bending away from the north-west wind, the wind that used to strike terror to the heart of the Zuyder Zee as it piled up the North Sea waters against the dykes.

There you will see the women of Spakenburg bowling along on bicycles, voluminous dolls with flapping epaulettes and pretty lace caps, bowling along to domestic service in Amersfoort and Baarn! After all, Progress is the thing. Those peevish artists and romantics who sit about the quay and the little cafés of Spakenburg playing dominoes with testy old fishermen who refuse, at their age, to milk cows or learn the leather trade, cannot be expected to understand the reason for all these things. I share their ignorance.

Roy Elston

HAPPENINGS AT HOME

Monsignor Howlett's Jubilee and Other Items of Interest

A SERVANT OF THE CHURCH HONOURED: Monsignor Howlett (centre), taking part in a special mass at Westminster Cathedral, of which he is Administrator, on December 21, the day he celebrated his golden jubilee as a priest. To mark the occasion he was presented with a cheque for £600, and a further £50 was earmarked for five priests in the diocese to say a hundred masses for his benefit

HAILE SELASSIE'S SILVER SOLD: The scene at Puttick and Simpson's as the Emperor's plate (inset on right) was auctioned for £2,528

"JOY" — BY "SCRAP" OUT OF "LIGHTNING" — A NEW ARRIVAL AT LONDON ZOO

The baby Shetland pony, which was born a fortnight ago in Regent's Park, pictured as she had her first outing with her mother, eight-year-old "Lightning." Her father had the honour of carrying Princess Elizabeth when she visited the Zoo one summer

"SHINING GIFTS THAT TOOK ALL EYES": Children and grown-ups thronging one of Selfridge's windows during Christmas week when the rush of buying continued up to the last moment. Many stores must have created new sales records and nearly all did better than last year. Money flowed with an almost unprecedented freedom and it was reported that the note circulation was about £50,000,000 higher than in the corresponding period of 1935

WONDERS OF THE TELEPHONIC SWITCHBOARD demonstrated by Lord Snell, Chairman of the London County Council, to children who attended the opening of the Post Office Young People's Exhibition at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. One of the features was a special cinema programme which included a colour film depicting the work of the G.P.O.

CHILDREN OF TO-DAY: Youngsters who help to bear out the opinions expressed in the recently issued annual report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Board of Education. In this he referred to the excellent physique of the nation's youth. He also made the interesting statement that boys and girls of twelve at elementary schools are over 1 in. taller and 7 lb. to 8 lb. heavier than their parents were at the same age

BRITAIN'S HEALTHY YOUNGER GENERATION

A Cheering Report by the Education Board's Chief Medical Officer

WORTHY ACCOMPANIMENT FOR A GREAT OCCASION: The console of the new organ which is being installed in Westminster Abbey and will be completed in time for the Coronation. An urgent appeal for funds to pay for the work was launched a short while ago under the auspices of the *Daily Telegraph*

The Abbey's Coronation Organ

An Historic Parallel with the Days of the Second George

HISTORY is to-day repeating itself at Westminster Abbey. The Coronation of George II took place in October, 1727, while that of George VI will, all being well, be celebrated on May 12, 1937. Thus an interval of 210 years, save for a few months, lies between the two events; but there is one important point of resemblance.

George I died in the summer of 1727, and as an interval of only four months was permitted to elapse between the Accession and the Coronation of his successor, things must have been extremely busy at the Abbey. A veteran organ was standing at that time in the north choir aisle. It was an historic instrument in the fullest sense of the words. It had accompanied the choral services day by day, presumably ever since the late autumn of the year of Restoration. Three great geniuses had in turn sat at its keyboard. The names of Henry Purcell, John Blow, and William Croft were sufficient to confer distinction upon any instrument. Moreover, extensive additions had been made during the reign of William III by that giant of the organ building craft, "Father Smith."

But this grand old veteran was well-nigh worn out. Only a few years before Dr. Croft in a letter which still survives had represented to the Dean and Chapter its unsatisfactory condition, and now the sudden death of George I precipitated a crisis.

What then was to be done? To use the old instrument at the great Coronation ceremony was out of the question. Accordingly "Father Smith's" son-in-law, "the musical Kit Schrider," was commissioned to erect a new instrument in hot haste. He managed to get the work done though it must have been a fearful rush and after the Coronation the King presented the new organ to the Dean and Chapter. The latter after due consideration decided to make an important change by erecting it in the centre of the choir screen which was reconstructed for the purpose. The official opening took place on August 1, 1730, and for the next 118 years the organ stood in this position analogous to that which it occupies in York, Exeter, Lincoln, and other English cathedrals.

Schrider's organ was regarded as a masterpiece at the time of its erection. Not only was it a large affair for that day, but it also possessed the novelty of a swell organ. Alterations and additions were periodically made during the next century and a half culminating in a huge rebuilding under the direction of Sir Frederick Bridge in 1884.

Upwards of fifty years have come and gone since then, but nothing whatsoever has been done to the organ since the relatively distant year 1909, when it was overhauled and one or two additional stops provided. So delicate and complicated a piece of construction as a great organ, especially in such a climate as that of London, cannot be left indefinitely to take care of itself as it were and it is small wonder that within the last few years portions of the old instrument have become unusable. Once more has the Abbey organ been found inadequate for the great solemnity of the Coronation.

Messrs. Harrison and Harrison, of Durham, embarked upon their great task last March, and they have been working with a will ever since. Their policy has been one of a conservative character. Everything that can possibly be retained is being jealously preserved, and also, of course, any stops possessed of an historic value (for there are two, the pipes of which bear the great name of "Father Smith"). On the other hand, a very large number of new stops of the utmost beauty will take the places of those which have seen their best days, while action of the most modern and up-to-date character is being installed.

As regards actual size, the Coronation organ will be little if any greater than its predecessor, but in sheer beauty of tone it may safely be prophesied that it will surpass any organ in the country. It will form a splendid embellishment to the great ceremony of May 12 next, just as was the case at the Coronation of our second Hanoverian Sovereign.

J. P.

AT WORK AMONG THE PIPES during the construction of the Abbey's new organ

DECEMBER WEDDINGS

WEDDING BELLS AT CHELSEA OLD CHURCH: Mr. Raymond Ashcroft Thompson, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Ashcroft Thompson, of Chobham, Surrey, and Miss Carmen Hochstetter, younger daughter of the late Mr. C. F. Hochstetter, of Guatemala, Central America, leaving the church after their marriage

A CHARMING CHRISTMAS WEEK BRIDE: Lady Prudence Jellicoe, youngest daughter of the late Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and Countess Jellicoe, and Mr. Francis Hope Loudon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hope Loudon, of Olantigh, Wye, Kent, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, the Bishop of Sheffield officiating. Two of the distinguished guests were Princess Marie Louise and Prince Frederick of Prussia

MARRIAGE MERRIMENT: The smiling bridesmaids driving from the church to the reception after Lady Prudence Jellicoe's wedding. Among the attendants were Princess Cecilie of Prussia, Lady Hersey Boyle, Miss Joan Madden, and Miss Pamela Cayzer. They wore long draped dresses of deep crimson velvet

A VISION IN SATIN AND TULLE: Miss Ronda Keane, daughter of Doris Keane, the actress, made a beautiful picture as she left her home in Tilney Street, Park Lane, for her marriage to Mr. Nicholas Hastings, son of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C. Her veil of white tulle was 13½ ft. long and was held in place by a Russian headdress of ivory waxed flowers. *On left*—Miss Primrose Harley's attendants at her marriage to Major John Codrington, Coldstream Guards, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The four little girls wore picture frocks of gold taffeta, while the four grown-up bridesmaids looked well in dresses of gold brocade cut on Princess lines

HEROES UNAWARE

When Three Men, Acting Without Orders, Saved Alexandria from a Dangerous Mob

One of the most fascinating books describing the life of one who had command over the wide spaces of the earth has come from the pen of Major C. S. Jarvis, late Governor of Sinai. It is entitled "Three Deserts" and is published by John Murray. Major Jarvis' work took him into the desert both to the west and the east of the Nile, and he consequently knows the Arab and the Egyptian in a particularly intimate way. Not only is Major Jarvis a close observer of men and things, but he has the capacity of making a given situation live before the reader, as the following episode shows :—

THE only other happening of note during my stay at Amria was the shooting up of Alexandria by a patrol car during one of the riots that occurred with monotonous regularity as an aftermath of the rising of 1919. The city of Alexandria has been famed throughout the ages for the disorderly element among its population, which is due probably to the fact that being a seaport, and a cosmopolitan one at that, a very large proportion of the people are not true Egyptians but a mixture of all the seafaring people of the Levant who have used Alexandria as a port for centuries. This may or may not be the reason, but the fact remains that there is a very inflammable element in the town and it requires merely a trifle of instigation to foment a first-class and dangerous riot. The rising of March, 1919, gave the Alexandrian mob an excellent opportunity to which they responded nobly, and they found the pastime of lamp-smashing and shop-looting so attractive that they were loath to cease their weekly jaunts when the rest of Egypt had quietened down and proceeded to lead a normal life again.

It was suggested that the presence of British troops had the effect of exasperating the mob, and it was decided ultimately to withdraw all English personnel from the streets and to leave the maintenance of order in the city to the local police as an experiment, and the first day of the experiment my patrol-car left Amria for the Alexandria workshops.

To be exact, it was not my car but the postal car that used to ply weekly between Alexandria and Mersa Matruh, and it was merely my duty to see that it passed on its way. It was scheduled to arrive in Amria on its return journey on Thursday every week, and as I was always in a chronic state of car shortage I used it frequently for a short patrol as it was not required in Alexandria until Sunday evening. This procedure did not meet with approval at headquarters and I received a very strongly worded letter to say that the car was not to be used for patrols, but was to be sent on without fail to Alexandria on the Friday morning. On taking over at Amria I found that the driver of this car was in the habit of making this 200-mile journey across the desert clad in dungarees, unarmed, and without anything in the way of an escort. This unprotected car, with a post that sometimes contained money, offered a very tempting bait to any marauding Arab, and I therefore gave orders that the driver should be properly clad in his uniform, should carry his rifle and ammunition like any other patrol, and should be accompanied by an armed policeman. This seemed a very ordinary and necessary precaution, for the car-drivers of the administration were an armed force, were equipped with rifles, and fired the same annual musketry course as the police.

On the particular Friday in October when the Alexandrian police made themselves responsible for public security in the city, the post car, with its driver and police escort, set off as usual on their return journey from Amria to Alexandria, and all went well till they got into Seven Sisters Road, about three-quarters of a mile from the centre of the city. Here their way was barred by a savage, howling mob, armed with huge staves and jagged pieces of iron, who surrounded the car and spat on the driver, cursing him as an employee of the English. Then one of the mob endeavoured to seize the policeman's rifle, and in the struggle the trigger was pulled and the cartridge exploded. The sound of the shot had a most electrifying result, for, as one man, the huge mob turned and ran as if possessed. This apparently had much the same effect on the driver and policeman as a flock of stampeding sheep has on a brace of fox-terriers—if the sheep stand fast it is more than likely the terriers will purposely fail to see them, for the massed flock with staring eyes look a trifle forbidding; but let them turn tail and show a row of swaying fat rumps and the temptation is too great—honour is not satisfied till the flock is scattered and worried over the hillside. With a shout of joy the two men threw up their rifles and poured shots into the flying mob, bringing down several before the last man disappeared up a side alley, leaving the street absolutely empty.

This was too wonderful—unaided and with no superior officer to direct them they had defeated and dispersed a huge and hostile force. It was impossible that such heroes should rest on their laurels, so up the street they went to meet, some 400 yards farther on, a second yelling mob which vanished into thin air after the first two shots from the policeman, the driver failing to get off a round as he was hindered by having to manipulate the car. This caused a slight disagreement, as the driver very rightly complained that he was getting no fun out of it at all, being unable to use his rifle owing to his duty at the wheel. However, at this moment there was a very opportune arrival, as along came an ex-coast-guard car-driver who had been discharged from the service as a bad character and a drunkard. He was invited to get up and drive the car to enable the two F.A. men to use their rifles with better effect, and accepted the invitation with alacrity—it is not every day that a discharged and discredited employee gets an opportunity of this sort.

The car swept up to the end of Seven Sisters Road and, coming into Mohammed Ali Square, saw an enormous and very dangerous mob sacking Morum's Stores. The big shop windows were shattered into fragments and the street littered with silks, calicoes, and feminine attire, over which savage rioters fought and screamed. It is difficult to estimate their numbers, but there must have been several thousands and, the police having been chased off the scene some time previously, the mob had everything their own way. To charge a mob of this size with an open box-Ford practically amounted to suicide, but it did not deter our heroes, who by this time were so excited and thrilled at their success as street fighters they had not the faintest idea what they were doing. With a fusillade of shots from the two armed men and the accelerator pressed well down by the discharged coastguard, they swept through the mass and, turning rapidly in a clear space near the Bourse, roared through the mob a second time. After this the square, except for the prostrate figures, was empty, so the car proceeded up Cherif Pasha Street and cleared up another gang of rioters who were trying to break their way into the Deutsche Bank, chasing the survivors well away to the eastern end of the City.

Had my redoubtable heroes rested on their laurels at this stage, it is possible they might have gone down to posterity as the saviours of Alexandria, for there is no doubt that their startling behaviour and reckless courage, born of a temporary madness, had cleared up a very nasty situation that might have assumed very menacing proportions before the "unwanted" British troops could have been brought to the scene of action. Unfortunately, however, they had lost control of themselves absolutely—they had proved to their own satisfaction that no mob in Egypt could stand up against them, the morning was yet young, and there was still plenty of ammunition. If there were no mobs in sight they must go and look for them, and the coastguard remembered that on Friday the congregation from the large mosque on the seashore indulged in a political meeting after prayers—so to the mosque the car went and in two minutes had knocked all political aspirations out of the gathering, many of the crowd climbing the sea wall and throwing themselves into the sea to escape the bullets. They then went rattling up Cherif Pasha Street again, firing their rifles in the air till they were finally stopped by the British guard at the A.P.M.'s office and disarmed.

That evening, when the news spread to Cairo, the balloon went up and there was what the Irishman calls the two ends and the middle of a row. The Ministry of Interior attacked the Frontiers Administration for allowing their wild desert men to get into

(Continued on page 36)

DAVID AND THE SLAIN GOLIATH: A reproduction of the famous painting by Jacob van Ost which is of particular interest at this juncture in view of the success of Sir James Barrie's play, *The Boy David*, at His Majesty's

SAUL and DAVID

How Browning Dealt with a Theme that Barrie Has Made into a Play

An Excerpt from Saul

I

Said Abner, "At last thou art come! Ere I tell, ere thou speak,
Kiss my cheek, wish me well." Then I wished it, and did kiss his cheek.
And he, "Since the King, O my friend, for thy countenance sent,
Neither drunken nor eaten have we; nor until from his tent
Thou return with the joyful assurance the King liveth yet,
Shall our lip with the honey be bright, with the water be wet.
For out of the black mid-tent's silence, a space of three days,
Not a sound hath escaped to thy servants, of prayer or of praise,
To betoken that Saul and the Spirit have ended their strife,
And that, faint in his triumph, the monarch sinks back upon life.

II

Yet now my heart leaps, O beloved! God's child with His dew
On thy gracious gold hair, and those lilies still living and blue
Just broken to twine round thy harpstrings, as if no wild heat
Were now raging to torture the desert!"

III

Then I, as was meet,
Knelt down to the God of my fathers, and rose on my feet,
And ran o'er the sand burnt to powder. The tent was unlooped;
I pulled up the spear that obstructed, and under I stooped;
Hands and knees on the slippery grasspatch, all withered and gone,
That extends to the second enclosure, I groped my way on
Till I felt where the foldshirts fly open. Then once more I prayed.
And opened the foldskirts and entered, and was not afraid.
But spoke, "Here is David, thy servant!" And no voice replied.
At the first I saw nought by the blackness; but soon I descried
A something more black than the blackness—the vast, the upright
Main prop which sustains the pavilion: and slow into sight
Grew a figure against it, gigantic and blackest of all:
Then a sunbeam, that burst thro' the tent-roof, showed Saul.

IV

He stood as erect as that tent-prop; both arms stretched out wide
On the great cross-support in the centre, that goes to each side;
He relaxed not a muscle, but hung there, as, caught in his pangs
And waiting his change, the king-serpent all heavily hangs,
Far away from his kind, in the pine, till deliverance come
With the spring-time—so agonised Saul, drear and stark, blind and dumb.

V

Then I tuned my harp—took off the lilies we twine round its chords
Lest they snap 'neath the stress of the noontide—those sunbeams like swords!
And I first played the tune all our sheep know, as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door, till folding be done.
They are white and untorn by the bushes, for lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water within the stream's bed;
And now one after one seeks its lodging, as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us—so blue and so far! . . .

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

I — To Make the People Around Me Happy

II — To Get More Fun Out of Life

III — To Economise

CHRISTMAS is over, and the new-born year is here. A year fraught with tremendous possibilities, packed with thrills for every one of us. A year that will be recorded by historians, that will bring prosperity to many, and that will involve heavy expenses for others whose income does not vary. A year in which to spend wisely so that one may live well.

Few people ever entirely throw off their childhood habit of making good resolutions whenever a New Year begins. It is one of those instinctive things that denotes a young mind, however depressing the calendar may be, and it is a thing that survives despite constant disillusionment.

Men make their own resolves, and in course of time they mostly break them. Women do too, and one of their favourite ideas is that they really will economise, wisely, without rancour, and without pessimism. Unfortunately they all too often abandon the idea because they are not sufficiently tidy-minded to organise their affairs cleverly. For, unless one has the sort of Bank Balance about which one never has to think, only organisation can save one from constant disappointment.

It is the thought that they are getting exactly what they want without spending a penny more than is absolutely necessary that makes Sales so irresistible to women. They can feel thoroughly virtuous about the money they are saving without being depressed about things they would otherwise have to go without.

There is, of course, a technique about Bargain Hunting, just as there is about everything else in this world. She whose fancy rules her head is wiser to stay out of the way of temptation. But she who knows what she wants, who makes a list of her requirements, and who knows her shops, can finally regard her purchases with quiet but justifiable triumph.

FIRST let us go as quickly as possible to Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, for their Sale began on December 30. Shoes are a good buy there, for the only reduction is in price—never in quality. Their famous Monk shoe, in brown, blue, or black calf, costs 16s. 9d. instead of 21s. 9d., and they have a grand collection of afternoon and walking shoes at 39s. 6d. instead of 55s. each. Stockings, too, of course, for all sub-standards of their "Marshalla" stockings are offered at very low prices, and the imperfections are so slight that they in no way affect the wear or appearance. It is worth while buying as many as possible when 8s. 11d. stockings cost 5s. a pair, and 5s. 11d. ones cost 3s. They have all sorts, from the very finest ones to heavy-weight silks that will stand up to any amount of hard wear. Naturally we shall look in at their model gowns where such reductions as from 12½ guineas to £3 on a lamé evening dress, or a wool day suit are the order of the day.

From there the obvious place to go to is Waring's, of Oxford Street, for their sale began on December 28. Of supreme interest to home-lovers, it provides remarkable opportunities for re-provisioning the linen cupboard. When Irish linen sheets, hem-stitched or one-row cord-stitched, cost 24s. 9d. instead of 32s. 6d.; Turkish towels in green, blue, gold, or pink cost 3s. 11d. instead of 6s. 11d.; Irish linen damask napkins cost as little as 6s. 6d. for six; and made-up carpets are offered at 33⅓ per cent. to 50 per cent. off, it is beyond doubt the right moment to buy. Neither should china be overlooked, for Waring's are offering Royal Doulton china coffee sets at 12s. 6d. instead of 26s., and tea sets at 17s. 6d. instead of 32s. 6d.

THE FOURTH of January is a day that should be plainly marked in all diaries, for it is then that the Fur Sale at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, begins and every woman who loves fine furs knows that she will find them there. One week later, on the 11th, their general Sale starts, and from then onwards such bargains as neatly checked wool cardigan suits, in an excellent range of colours, for £2; coats, French models, fur-trimmed, which originally cost from 30 to 50 guineas marked down to 25 guineas; seven-eighths or full length sports coats in tweed or suede velour at 3 guineas instead of 8½ guineas; and man-tailored skirts, brilliantly cut, for 35s. 9d. will jostle one another in bewildering variety.

Off again to Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, whose Sale also starts on the 4th. Maybe we'll start up on the Fourth Floor, in their Lingerie Department, for such bargains as art crepe satin dressing gowns, cut very simply with the tailored collar and pockets in the reverse side of the material, and made in exquisite colours for 20s., and tailored dressing gowns in geometrically patterned rayon foulard for 12s. 11d., deserve to come high on our list. With an eye on country week-ends we shall want to see "Audrey," a check wool Bouclette frock with four manly pockets and a crepe stock tucked into the neck, because 30s. seems very little especially when one realises that this dress is made in several colours. And, then, so that we may finish with a great flourish we shall wander through to look at evening gowns. Swan and Edgar have a happy knack of producing costly-looking dresses for absurdly low prices even when they are not having a Sale. And when they are—"Amber" a graceful low-backed satin dress with an amusing tail-coat in a contrasting coloured poult costs only 40s., while "Tricolour" is a perfectly proportioned tunic evening frock, made in beautiful prints, for 50s.

The thing to do is to write at once for catalogues from all these shops. They will be delighted to send them, and you will find them not only interesting but a real help.

Drama in the Holiday Season

Victorianism and the Stage: Harry Tate in Good Form at the Vaudeville: The Piccadilly's New Christmas Entertainment

By PHILIP PAGE

"BALALAIKA": Leo Pokorny with Muriel Angelus whose singing is one of the features of the musical play at the Adelphi—a production with a touch of real distinction. *Right*—The lively chorus of Cossacks and ballet girls

WITH a seriousness wholly inappropriate to the season, I once more deprecate slightly the prevailing notion that Victorianism was essentially ridiculous and its drama particularly so.

It this were to be a lengthy essay on the fun as well as the virtues of the Victorian era I could indeed make it—lengthy. Let us be content with the one point that the Victorians managed their affairs, external as well as internal, rather more sensibly than we do now. If this attitude reveals as little sense of humour as there is in an earthworm, I can say with equal truth that the humour which prompts the refurbishing of Victorian melodrama in order that it may be played as farce is not even on so high a level. The whole process is wrong, not because there is anything blasphemous about it but because it displays an ignorance of the essentials of farce as well as of the humours of melodrama, which must, so far as they exist at all, be unconscious.

To laugh at a play meant to be serious and played seriously—*Young England* was a recent case in point—is not, possibly, a very subtle form of amusement, though a perfectly legitimate one. *Young England* was funny just because the play and all concerned in it were so solemnly in earnest, the latter having the gumption at least to pretend to be in earnest throughout that long run, which is why the run *was* long.

When it is admitted that fun is being poked, nine-tenths of the fun automatically evaporates. What is left is on the level of an after-dinner romp in the drawing-room or pranks in a tent at a charity fête. Possibly that is all *Curse It, Foiled Again*, at the Little Theatre, founded on the old play, *Ruined by Drink*, is intended to be. As a piece of Christmas high spirits I should, perhaps, treat it more in the Christmas spirit myself and cease to elaborate the point. None-the-less, a good opportunity has been missed, for the company is a clever one. Each member of it would be likely to endorse the reply which any experienced actor of farce would make if he were asked what would happen to the funniest farce played in ostentatiously farcical fashion. That reply would be monosyllabic, unprintable, and correct.

"Sleeping Beauty, or What a Witch."

—Mr. André Charlot's experiment at the Vaudeville last year of combining intimate revue and conventional pantomime was so successful that *Sleeping Beauty*, etc., has been revived. But with the important difference that Mr. Harry Tate is now in the cast.

Why Mr. Tate, who is a peculiarly subtle comedian, should have been allowed to escape from the West End for so long, and why, being also a peculiarly clean comedian, he should not have been snapped up each Christmas-time for children's plays (his subtlety coming in useful for the attendant adults), it is not my business to inquire. I can only wonder. Fortunately, he is back again in every bit as good form as he was when he made all London laugh in De Courville monster revues and in his own inimitable sketches. One of these, *Golfing*, is seen in this pantomime, but, as the scholars say of ancient MSS., "in fragmentary form." Indeed, all of Mr. Tate's part at the Vaudeville is at present too fragmentary. He appears as a King, and he is a King who requires no sort of Regent at any time. He should have much more to do.

Miss Nellie Wallace is yet again vastly funny as a wicked fairy with musical tastes, and her resemblance to a social celebrity, also with musical tastes, is yet again uncannily marked. That admirable young comedienne, Miss Gertrude Musgrove (erstwhile of *The Two Bouquets*, at the Ambassador's, to which theatre she will, I gather, return after the holiday season) works away as a Queen until the fun fairly boils up, and Mr. Patrick Waddington is again the principal "boy"; he is good, but in the world of pantomime, "boys" should, I think, be girls. His principal girl is really a girl—Miss Nancie Burne, who can act a bit and dance a bit and even sing a bit and can look—a whole lot. Mr. Van Thal's music is tuneful and attractive, and is also music.

"What's Become of the Fairies?"

—London at this time of the year is stocked up with children's plays, ancient and modern, but mostly ancient. *What's Become of the Fairies?* at the Piccadilly Theatre has the double advantage of being brand-new and also a good entertainment, with the virtue in addition of having been produced to aid Charing Cross Hospital.

Modernity as well as novelty is emphasised by such points as that the hero is a boy who (nasty little beast) suspects the authenticity of Santa Claus, and that the villain of the piece is called Radio. Sir John Reith and his performing officials of the B.B.C. need not arise in their wrath, for Radio, albeit in the form of a horrid spider, I found as lovable as Smee. However, the fairies and old-world folk-lore and all the conventional spells of Christmas are the victors and Santa Claus comes into his own again, magnanimously holding a Toy Fair which naturally leads to Toy Ballets.

These are quite charming and the whole production is as surprisingly free from offence as its children are from adenoids. The moral, if any, is "I'll larn yer not to believe in fairies!"

"Balalaika."

—In spite of the fact that Mr. Eric Maschwitz's production *Balalaika* at the Adelphi Theatre slips gracefully and not very quietly between a number of elaborately expensive stools, the process is often so pleasing that, with any luck, it should enjoy quite a long spell of success. It is a mixture of Daly's and the Lyceum of a decade ago, with plenty of tit-bits for the "balletomanes" of to-day, though some of the dear boys would not be too pleased at the idea of fun behind the scenes while a ballet was in progress.

But this was not very funny fun, since it was mainly supplied by Mr. Clifford Mollison, who did some burlesque dancing in a skirt borrowed from a member of the *corps de ballet*, finally collapsing into a fire bucket. The moment I saw that bucket I knew that Mr. Mollison would sit in it, though so tired am I of comedians who go through the steps of ballerinas in grotesque fashion that had Mr Mollison kicked the bucket I would not have mourned. Mr. Mollison is far from being a natural droll, and with material that is not in itself funny he does not get beyond the painstaking stage.

There need not, however, be much worry that humour is not the strong point of *Balalaika*; it has a solid, theatrical story which might well be hampered by comic relief if that were comic. The contest is between white Russian and red, with a red maiden in love with a white officer. Sympathy is asked for, (and, so far as I was concerned, given to the whites, though white Russians growing maudlin in cabarets about the days that used to be I find almost as tedious as Stalin hysteria and Bolshies growing cock-a-hoop about their "fatherland."

BARRIE'S COLLABORATORS: William Walton, who composed the music, Elisabeth Bergner, who plays the lead, and Augustus John, who had a share in the designing of scenery, in *The Boy David* which, after a successful try-out in Edinburgh, has achieved a well-deserved London success at His Majesty's

On right—FARCE AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S: Basil Radford and Mackenzie Ward in *The Astonished Ostrich*, the new play by Archie N. Menzies which has been proving quite a big draw during the Christmas holidays

But not quite. In this play, the Bolshy who threw a bomb at the Tsar was a bad-tempered bore and a bungler too, while the Tsarist officers looked nice and sang well, particularly Mr. Roger Treville, who fell in love with the Bolshy's pretty daughter. If the applause for them was a tribute to romance, the shrill approval in the gallery when red-tied rascallions with revolvers marched the aristocrats off to death and torture in the middle of a ball at least showed political alertness. Both added to the fun of the first night. And where would the time of Peace and Goodwill be if it were not for a sprinkling of the red pepper of class-hatred just by way of contrast?

Miss Muriel Angelus (so admirable in a comic opera with George Robey at the Savoy a couple of years ago) makes a sweet-looking, sweet-voiced heroine. An enormous cast flung themselves, and sometimes one another, about *à la russe;* there is a whole ballet and a good one; there is some first-rate chorus singing and a fine orchestra, directed by Mr. Walford Hayden; and, above all, there is heaps for the money.

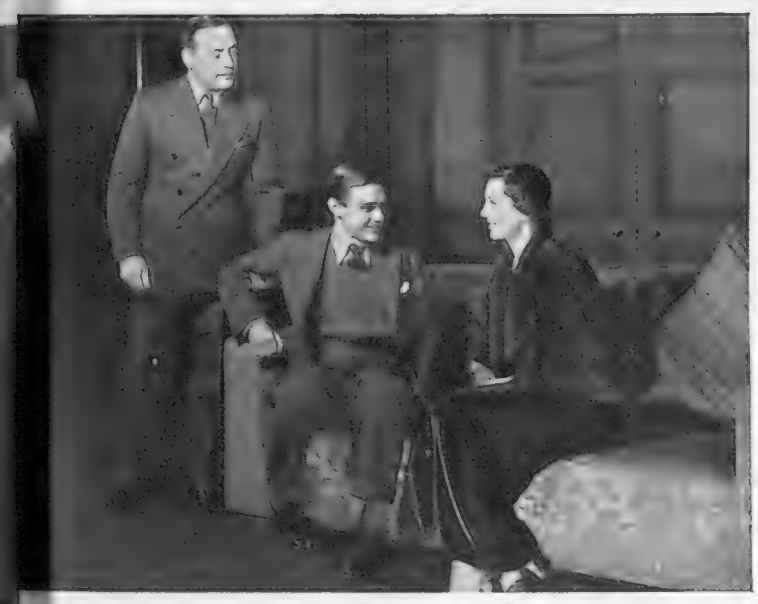
"Heart's Content."—If Bright Young People, who have come in for much abuse of late, can carry a play to success, so much the better for the B.Y.P. Almost the only parts of *Heart's Content* at the Shaftesbury which did not make my heart discontented were those which had no direct bearing on the play itself. Young men and maidens chattered amusingly; for Mr. Chetham Strode, the author, has the gift of amusing chatter. They were having supper at a restaurant, and a waiter fell in love with one of the maidens, the daughter of an old-fashioned K.C., whose house he visited in the small hours.

This upset not only the K.C. but the youth and the brightness, since the girl and the waiter talked for a long time together, audibility being poor. There seemed, indeed, a tendency, at any rate during the first performance, to hush matters up generally. Mr. Louis Borell, who played the waiter with matter-of-fact charm, displayed the now fashionable broken English in confidential fashion, and even Miss Diana Wynyard, who is always interesting, having already to call upon her brains and her attractiveness to the utmost in order to bring a dullish part to some sort of life, lapsed too frequently into an undertone. Others seemed to be in the conspiracy, for whenever the B.Y.P.'s epigrams got into their stride, a jazz-band drowned most of them; a strong love-scene between Miss Wynyard and her waiter was almost entirely swamped by piano-playing "off."

Miss Wynyard did not marry the waiter, who resigned his job at his country's call (some kind of secret diplomacy) and would not let her accompany him back to his native land. Instead she married a good but dullish bachelor, declaring, when the waiterman turned statesman returned after a few years, that a marriage was her life's job, or words to that effect. She had previously said something about her love for the waiter being the biggest thing in her life. She gave me the impression of merely playing for safety. That robbed the play of any red blood.

THE COMIC DINNER PARTY IN THE HALL OF GOLD: A picture taken from the auditorium on the first night of *Mother Goose*, the Hippodrome's lively Christmas show. Florence Desmond and George Lacy play the lead, the latter giving a really magnificent performance in the title role

Below—"THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH": Basil Radford, David Markham, and Nora Swinburne give a good account of themselves in this play which makes first-class holiday fare and may well become a firmly established success



URIAH CREEP ARRIVES AT THE MILL WITH A MESSAGE FROM THE OGRE: One of the highlights of *Puss in Boots*, the Lyceum's pantomime which this Christmas has a most unexpected feature—a ballet at the end of Act I. Humour, however, is the essence of the show

BLONDE BEAUTY: *Extreme left*—Helen Gilliland, who is playing principal boy in *Humpty Dumpty* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham. *Left*—Claire Luce regards rug making as a great relaxation. She produced several beautiful fireside mats for her friends this Christmas

It is, like the barrister-husband, a decent piece of work; but it moves too slowly, is about too little, and is handled much too solemnly, except for the subsidiary scenes. Even some of these are too familiar for the pace to matter; a middle-aged lady, for instance, who drinks cocktails that are too strong and steers herself out of the drawing-room with difficulty, is a stage figure which may well be given a rest. Miss Mary Jerrold did this beautifully and was as welcome as was Mr. O. B. Clarence as the heroine's elderly, peppery, but heart-of-gold father.

Miss Kathryn Hamill made an instant success as an alluring cat of a woman; high though the standard of acting is throughout, the scenes in which she appeared were by far the most vital. She has a compelling personality, great good looks, and a fine sense of comedy.

"Puss in Boots."—The Lyceum pantomime is probably the most conservative of our stage institutions, one of the features being a ballet at the end of Act I which goes on and on and on. For what seems like hours, houris in flamboyant gorgeousness come and trip it as they go—and they certainly "go" with the audience. No Diaghileff *ballerina* in all her glory was ever arrayed like one of these. Besides, Diaghileff never employed a "tiny tot" as a *prima ballerina assoluta*, nor a couple such as Latasha and Laurence to make the audience gasp with relief that no bones are broken, not even a neck.

Round this terpsichorean Lord Mayor's Banquet is built a sound, old-fashioned pantomime, with sentiment in the shapely form of Miss Marjorie Sandford (principal boy—blonde), a brunette puss, played by Mr. Jack Hurst, and plenty of humour supplied by Mr. Clarkson Rose, Mr. Jack Barty, Mr. Eddie ("Monsewer") Gray, and Messrs. Dave and Joe O'Gorman. Good comics, all; but, O for an hour of yesteryear and of the dulcet tones of Mr. George Jackley!

"Mother Goose."—The Hippodrome have an excellent pantomime in *Mother Goose*, which is colourful, a little noisy, quite funny, and well in the traditional style, except for imitations of film stars who come from a land which knows not pantomime. Miss Florence Desmond possibly has too much sense of humour to be the principal boy of our unsophisticated dreams; but she is delightful and gets there just the same—if via Hollywood.

Mr. George Lacy as Mother Goose is overwhelmingly funny. What has West End revue been doing without him?

Of all high-brow pronouncements on the Drama perhaps the silliest is that which I have just read, the *clou* of which is that "Christmas pantomime died when a generation was born which rightly realised that any treatment of animal or bird life is the negation of entertainment, that such representations are an offence, and that Dick Whittington's cat is as dead as Dick Whittington."

I would like to show my learned colleague the speed with which any film theatre empties on the approach of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

MODERNITY FRAMED IN RUSTICITY: An unusual view of the cars parked in the old market place at Dunster

THE ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM III—A CAR OF WONDER

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

A MOTORING correspondent is usually in difficulties when he starts to write about Rolls-Royce cars. He finds that he has already had occasion to use most of the superlatives throughout the year when describing his experiences on other cars, and as there is no question of the position that Rolls-Royce products occupy in the world to-day he is at a complete loss to find suitable words in which to convey his meaning to his readers. That has always been my position in these circumstances. As I write these notes to-day my position is still more difficult because the factory at Derby have lately produced a new car which they call the Phantom III. and I do not think I should be exaggerating if I were to say that this Phantom III bears the same relation to other Rolls-Royce cars as the latter do to the average automobile of to-day.

The Phantom III is the car which all motoring people have dreamed of for years, but which they thought would never come into being until a vehicle was produced which half flew and half rode on the road. Many people who have driven one told me about it so far as they were able, and I, therefore, had built up an imaginary picture of its performance. Castles in the air such as this are liable to dissolve in mist and the dreamer becomes disillusionised. My experience, however, at the wheel of this Rolls-Royce car during a 500-mile trip during a recent week-end did not shatter my castle but made it look rather like a poverty stricken cottage. The Phantom III is definitely a car of wonder; there has never been anything like it before and it will be a long time before any other car can reach to its degree of excellence.

Perhaps some of my readers have driven a 4¼-litre Bentley and if they have they will appreciate what the Phantom III does when I tell them that the car has the performance of that Bentley combined with the extreme Rolls-Royce silence and comfort that weight alone can give. I do not know exactly the weight of the sports saloon Phantom III which I drove but I should say it is closer to three than to two tons. Another remarkable fact about this car is that the controls are just as light to work as the Bentley. When travelling along, until the driver has become accustomed to the car, it is most necessary to keep an eye on the speedometer for the car thinks nothing of 75 m.p.h. and to the driver and his passengers the sensation is more like travelling at 20 m.p.h. No matter what speed is attained the comfort given by the front independant suspension makes one imagine that the car is flying through the air and not touching the road at all, and the steering is as positive as it could be, and yet as light as a feather. On one occasion the car touched ninety but there was still a lot of throttle left, and at this speed the engine appeared to be just as unconcerned with its work as if it had been pulling the car along in a built-up area. The Rolls-Royce designers, engineers, and workmen deserve the highest praise for producing a vehicle with such amazing capabilities. True it is a goodly price, but people who can afford luxuries do not mind paying thousands of pounds for something which is really value for money. This Phantom III is definitely value for money.

In the old early days of motoring when a car was a novelty I remember helping someone at a large fête to collect money from visitors who were asked to pay 1s. to have a short ride in one of the new horseless carriages. The crowd queued up in order to take their joy-rides. To-day, I believe, that if anyone bought a Phantom III and advertised short runs for 5s. per head he would make money and the people who paid their fares would get out of the car at the end of their drive and feel they had experienced an entirely new sensation. I will not endeavour to describe any details of the car because they are to me unimportant compared with its amazing performance.

I have just mentioned value for money and so perhaps it will not be out of place for me to write a few words regarding a run I recently had in one of the new 22-h.p. V 8 Fords. This car carries a tax of £16 10s., and must not be confused with the larger V 8 Ford, which has been on the market for some time. The design of this V 8 differs in many respects from its larger garage companion. It has a smaller engine, but it likewise possesses a smaller chassis, but the designers at Dagenham have been so clever that they have given the owner just as much room, if not more, inside the body to accommodate himself and his passengers. The casual observer on the road need not mistake the smaller for the larger V 8 because the appearance is totally different. The smaller, of which I am writing, has a front similar in many respects to the well-known Lincoln Zephyr, and likewise the back of the car is quite as distinct.

The first thing the driver who has had experience of Fords notices is that this new chassis is lower to the road than that of the larger V 8 model. Having opened the door and taken his seat behind the steering wheel, he then finds that the position is very much nicer, though what the actual difference is I was unable to discover. It is there all right because I am, myself, the happy and pleased owner of one of the 30-h.p. Fords. On the road the car is steady and gives a very strong impression of solidity. There is no apparent heeling over at corners and even at the maximum speed of the car which is above 70 m.p.h. the driver realises that the controls are just as effective as when going along at 20 m.p.h. The steering is low-geared when compared with the usual British design but one soon becomes accustomed to it and eventually it seems quite normal. The engine is sweet and silent and gives the car an outstanding performance. Its eight cylinders provide it with far more than the usual amount of flexibility and the acceleration of the car is definitely good. How the manufacturers are able to sell their saloon, which has four doors, at £210 puzzles me and I expect a number of manufacturers. I would not have been surprised to find that in order to arrive at this price some of the little luxuries we are all accustomed to in motor cars to-day would have been absent, but such is not the case.

On the contrary all sorts of refinements are fitted and what is more those that have to do work do it mighty well. I travelled through some terrific rain which I thought would have found its way into the interior at some joint or another, but no, like my own eighteen months old V 8, it was absolutely water-tight. I might mention that my own Ford is the first car I have had in about eight years that has never had to go back to the manufacturers or the local agents to have a leak attended to. Definitely, the purchaser of one of these new Ford V 8's receives value for money.

There seems to be a universal cry that the terrible casualty list which is issued every Thursday is due to the out-of-date design of our roads. Most people take that for granted, throw their hands up in the air and exclaim "the number of deaths and injuries will never be reduced until we have a completely new road system." The roads are, of course, definitely too narrow, too slippery, and too twisty for modern traffic needs. The regulations governing the users of these roads are also out-of-date, complicated, and useless for the purpose to which they were framed. To me, however, these conditions should not produce accidents. If I am driving along a road at 60 m.p.h. and I see ahead a corner which I can only safely negotiate at 20 m.p.h I reduce my speed accordingly and go round in safety If I endeavour to take the turn at 60 m.p.h., I will definitely crash. Surely, I cannot blame the road. In the same way, if I am on a road the surface of which seems to me to be more slippery than usual, I reduce my speed and do my utmost to drive in a manner which will not force me to apply my brakes in a hurry or deviate suddenly from my straight-ahead course.

In other words, people should drive in a manner and at a speed which is safe for the conditions surrounding them. If they go hell-for-leather when circumstances should show them that it is inadvisable and there is an accident, I cannot see they can fairly blame the road for their troubles.

VOITURE À LA MODE: This very smart car has just been delivered to one of the leading fashion creators, Captain E. Molyneux, M.C. The chassis is a 4¼-litre Bentley, while the touring saloon body was designed by Thrupp and Maberly, Ltd., and is representative of the very latest in style

BOXING-DAY MEET OF THE BEAUFORT HOUNDS: An amusing traffic congestion in the streets of Malmesbury where the meet attracted hundreds of spectators making it extremely difficult for the followers of the hunt to get through

This England . . .

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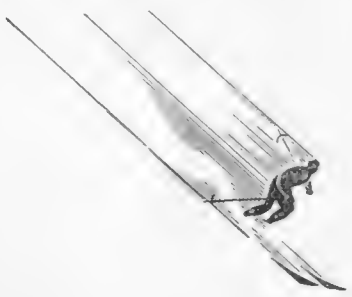

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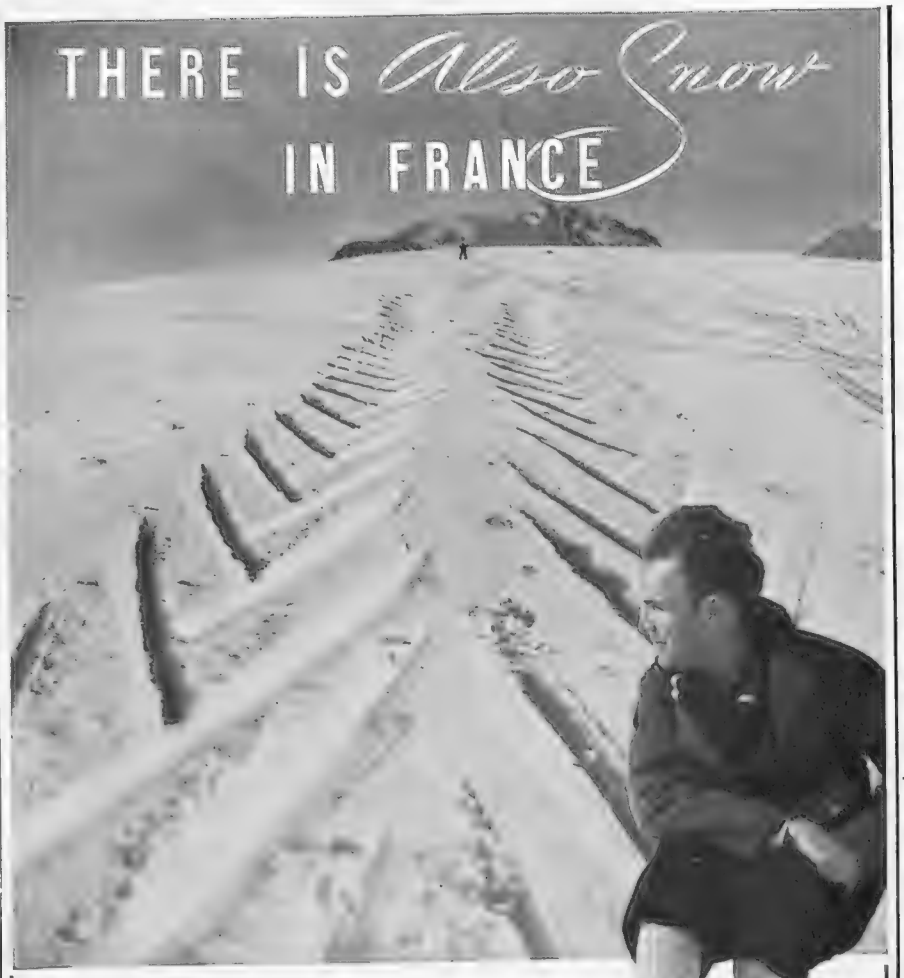
S.M. 31

THERE IS *Also Snow* IN FRANCE



Thousands of holiday-makers discovered the France of Winter Sports last week—the land of snow and sun which is so near—and where the £ goes so much farther!

They had a fine time—ask anyone who went—but the best time to go is from now till March. The holiday rush is over—your choice of accommodation is greater, the trains less crowded (*fares have been greatly reduced*)—the days are longer and sunnier, the snow deep and powdery. Come along! There is a resort for every purse and sport for everyone—you don't have to be an expert to enjoy winter sports!

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EGYPT: LAND of OLD NILE

THE START OF THE JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH: A view of Cairo railway terminus showing on the right one of the special cars built for desert transport

Sphere Travel Bureau

FIRST proposition: that Egypt is by no means so inconvenient and difficult to get to as many people are ready to assume without troubling to look into the matter for themselves. Liners leaving every week from English ports will land you there after ten or eleven days at sea, which is the way that takes longest—but for anybody who wants rest, the pleasantest. Alternatively, a variation of this route is to go by train to one of the Mediterranean ports, such as Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, Naples, Venice, Trieste, or even Brindisi, and thence by sea, which will take something between four-and-a-half and six days. By air you can get there in as little as two-and-a-half days from Croydon (Imperial Airways and the Dutch K.L.M. both run regular services). Or again, you can go all the way by train in six days. This, by the nature of things, is a somewhat round-about journey, but surely as fascinating a one as it is possible to imagine—London, Calais, Paris, Trieste, Belgrade, Istanbul, Aleppo, Haifa, Cairo. By no means, therefore, can Egypt be condemned as inaccessible.

Second proposition: that Egypt is not an outrageously expensive country to visit. Of course, to the traveller *en prince*, everything can be just as expensive as he cares to make it. You can, for instance, hire a private steamer from Cook's to take you up the Nile, at rates starting from £1,100 for four passengers for thirty days. Well, £1,100 does not mean as much to some people as it does to others, and such a journey in such a way is probably one of the most civilised luxuries that life has to offer in our generation. On the other hand, for those who do not value their privacy at quite so high a figure, Cook's ordinary steamers provide a perfectly satisfactory means of seeing the same sights at a much smaller cost. The "ordinary cabin" fare from Cairo to Aswan (the first cataract) and back, in twenty days, is £65, and the boats running in this service are extraordinarily comfortable.

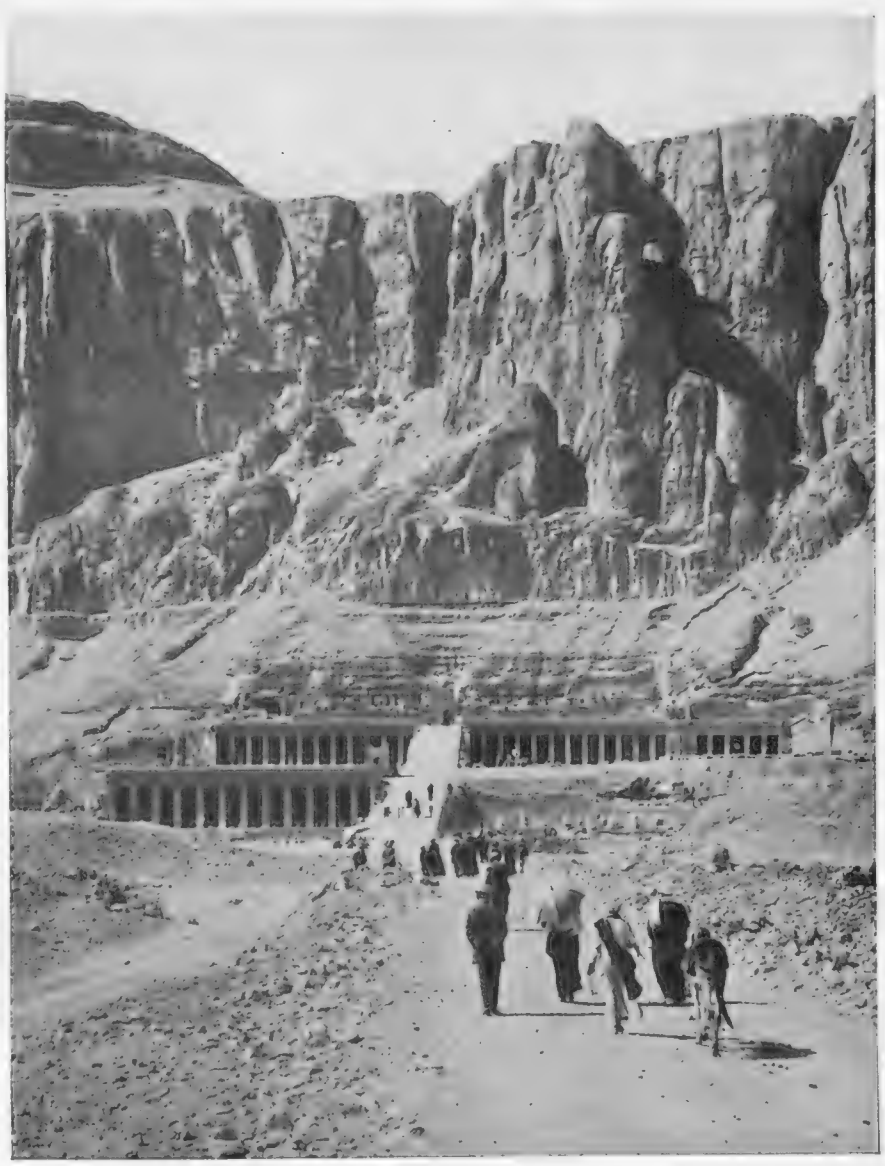
With regard to hotel charges, these vary within the same range as they do in Europe. Egypt's luxury hotels, Shepheard's, the Semiramis, the Mena House, for instance, or the Heliopolis Palace, are amongst the most famous in the world, and these offer *en pension* terms from less than £2 a day even during the high season period, which is from January till April. For a prolonged stay, moreover, certain groups of hotels offer interchangeable *en pension* terms, enabling you to settle your accommodation at, say, Cairo, Luxor, and Aswan at rates as favourable as if you were going to be in one hotel all the time. Then there are a number of good private hotels, and in Alexandria and Cairo some first-class pensions, where it is possible to live comfortably, inexpensively, and quietly.

Another point to be remembered in favour of Egypt is that there is never the possibility of the currency undergoing some sudden and awkward metamorphosis that will make you only two-thirds or so as rich when you get up one morning as you were when you went to bed the night before. The Egyptian pound is linked with sterling, and it is a £ that is always worth 20s.

Third proposition: that Egypt enjoys one of the most delectable winter climates in the world. The weather never spoils a day for you in Cairo, where there is so much to see and do. Heluan-les-Bains, not far distant, is a perfect spa, where you derive no less benefit from the constant sunshine and dry, invigorating air than from the healing waters themselves which are particularly helpful against forms of rheumatism and kindred ailments. Then again, Luxor and Aswan, in Upper Egypt, are both famous for the marvellous power of the sun there. I have just been glancing at a learned essay entitled *The Desert Cure: A Study of Solar Radiation in the Region of Aswan, Upper Egypt*. This establishes with the utmost scientific precision the validity of Upper Egypt's claim to be a place of tremendous curative powers, and since this spot, once almost infinitely remote from Europe, is now no longer so, we can expect a much more general recognition of the fact in the coming years. People in search of health will think no more of going to Egypt to look for it than they do now of crossing the Channel for a Continental cure.

Can these three propositions be taken as proved? I think so. Indeed, they are proved and proved again every year by the number of people who go there, by the steady increase of tourist traffic, and the admirable organisation designed to meet it. It remains then only to say something of what Egypt provides her visitors with in the way of amusements and sights. No city in the world is gayer, more sociable, than Cairo during the winter season. Dancing at the big hotels, polo, racing—one thing ceaselessly follows another; the days pass, life passes in a series of brilliant flashes, and at the back of it all is the quietly flowing Nile.

THE ISLANDS OF THE NILE AT ASWAN: The great river is here broken by a number of islands which stretch southwards to the famous dam itself. It is here that the modern hotels are situated, the place being a popular resort, especially from November to February, by reason of its good climate



THE GREAT TEMPLE OF DEIR EL BAHRI: The colonnades of this famous place of burial of Mentuhotep King of Egypt are approached by way of a sloping ascent from the central court. The situation is particularly picturesque for the striking white columns are thrown into relief by the precipitous rock wall of a light brown and golden colour

As for the antiquities; the remote past lives more vividly in Egypt than anywhere else in the world. The Pyramids, the Colossi of Memnon at Luxor, the Pillars of Karnak . . . seeing these wonderful sights it is well-nigh impossible to believe that the gap between their age and ours must be measured not in hundreds, but in thousands of years. The first and most important thing, I think, is a visit to the Pyramids (they are only 20 mins. drive away from Cairo), because they enable you to fix your sense of proportion for all future consideration of Egyptian civilisation. I have never yet met anybody whose breath was not taken away by the Pyramids being so much, much bigger than they expected them to be.

To say that no visit to Egypt could be enjoyable unless it included the famous Nile trip would be an exaggeration, but to say that no visit can really be considered complete without it is not far off the mark. For one thing the Nile is strangely beautiful, and for another it tells the whole history of Egypt. Thebes, Luxor, Edfu, Aswan, Abu Simbel . . . there are too many names to make mention of all of them possible, there is so much to see that no purpose can be served simply by drawing attention to this temple or that statue—the whole thing is a vivid, living pageant.

Reference has been made to the twenty-day "first cataract" voyage to Aswan and back. Connected with this is a further voyage of seven days, from Aswan to Halfa (the second cataract) and back. Wadi Halfa is the first British post in the Sudan, and is over 800 miles from Cairo. The ordinary cabin fare for this "second cataract" voyage, which is well worth the while of anyone who can spare the time, is £25.

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Cadogan Hotel—Colour, Luxury, and an Ideal Locality

LONDON is tending to move westwards. Commerce is invading Mayfair, and the head office of a chain store may lie cheek by jowl of a ducal residence. Thus the seat of fashion tends to centre more and more on Knightsbridge and Belgravia. All Londoners associate elegance and luxury with Sloane Street—a street of pleasant architecture and expensive shops. The Cadogan Hotel is in the hub of this elect neighbourhood—and in a sense epitomises it. It has one of the finest positions in the street and the front overlooks Cadogan Gardens.

What, in my opinion, distinguishes the Cadogan Hotel from other hotels of the same ilk is the good taste of its *décor*. Luxury is becoming the stock in trade of all big hotels, cinemas, restaurants etc. but few hotels succeed like the Cadogan in combining luxury and elegance. Again nearly every hotel I visit claims "atmosphere"—a word which in itself is an invitation to the cynical wisecracker to get busy—but the Cadogan has achieved an atmosphere peculiarly suitable to itself. By this I mean that the effect of its surroundings is stimulating and yet restful, welcoming but not too personal. Colour abounds but is nowhere garish; the panelling of the entrance lounge looks natural and welcoming.

It is my lot to inspect more hotel bedrooms than most men, so perhaps I have some excuse for not enthusing over every latest gadget. But in my tour of inspection of the Cadogan Hotel, it is no exaggeration to say that every bedroom was a pleasurable surprise—every doorway a subject for speculation. All the rooms had the same essentials of comfort; electric fires with a meter let invisibly into the wall at a gentlemanly height, radiators, and running water, of course, telephones and rather attractive modern bed-lights. All the schemes of decoration were different. Some of the furniture was of oak with linen-fold carving, some of it of African mahogany with pine inlets, some of it veneered in all sorts of strange woods of which I did not know the names. Carpets, walls, cushions and chairs, all contributed their quota of elegance—lovely old brocades, quilted chintz, pile carpets in all sorts of shades. One suite was particularly charming. The walls were an off-white with powder-blue silk paper panels, old gold damask curtains, a glass candelabra and painted furniture *à l'italienne*.

The main rooms downstairs were no less attractive—the dining-room in pale grey and gold, a reception-room in pale green with Bordeaux red carpets and curtains, the corridors with scumbled white walls. In fact the realisation of good taste throughout.

On passing through the dining-room I happened to pick up a dinner menu of which a few representative dishes were, *Suprême de Sole aux Champignons, Jambon Braisé au Madère, Dinde Rôtie à l'anglaise*. The dishes speak for themselves if you speak French . . . and if you don't, well, there is a Chinese proverb that "Eating is better than speaking!"

Next consider the district which could claim as a slogan—ten minutes by taxi to anywhere in the West End—with a few exceptions. If you want shops, Knightsbridge is at your doorstep; if you seek entertainment, Piccadilly is in the offing. Hyde Park is just across the way, Victoria a question of minutes. Above all, the whole neighbourhood has a nice personality, smacking neither of excessive respectability nor of Montparnasse, neither dully mediocre nor elegant to the point of preciosity . . . if you know what I mean!

I should say the Cadogan is ideal for people who live in the country and are tired of the view from their drawing-room window, consisting now of gaunt trees and a dripping landscape. For such, the Cadogan would make a welcome change to be summed up in the word—colour. For those who come to town for the best of all reasons—to have a good time—the Cadogan should fill the bill. For people who like luxury of a rather more personal and intimate nature than is to be had in the vast metropolitan emporia, again the Cadogan is the right place. And if you just want somewhere cheerful to spend a few days in town, I repeat—the Cadogan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. F. B. and his wife, Eastbourne, wish to spend most of the winter in Devon and Cornwall. (They have a car—what do I suggest?) With a car one can explore, and I have told them that if they first of all make for Lincombe Hall Hotel, Torquay, they will be so comfortable there that they may forget their desire to visit Cornwall. But should Cornwall be their ultimate object, I should recommend the Greenbank Hotel, Falmouth, as their headquarters and for days when they do not take a picnic lunch (yes, it is quite possible in January in Cornwall) they should make a note of the following hotels: Nare Hotel, Veryan, which is on the Roseland Peninsula; the Coverack Headland Hotel at the Lizard; Tregenna Castle Hotel, St. Ives; Headland Hotel, Newquay; and the Red Lion at Truro. All these places are within easy reach of Falmouth.

P. D. C., Marlborough, wants to know of a small country hotel in Sussex within easy reach of Eastbourne and Tunbridge Wells where he says "he could feed on the fat of the land, roast himself over good fires, and be sure of the bed perfect, is there such a place?" There is. It is the Horcham Manor Hotel, Horam, Sussex, run by Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay perfectly. Incidentally Mr. Lindsay is an old Marlburian.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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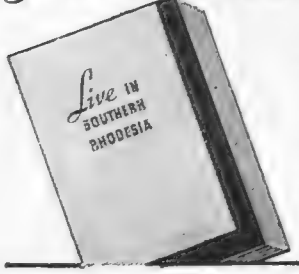

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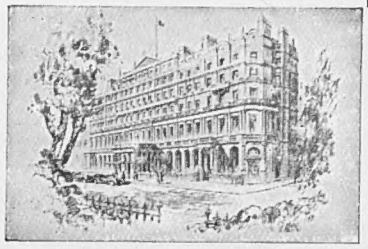

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TO WED: Miss Barbara Forrest Martin-Hurst, elder daughter of Mr. Martin-Hurst, the well-known art collector of the End House, Roehampton, whose engagement has just been announced. She is to marry Mr. Maurice Carey Wilks, youngest son of the late Mr. P. Wilks and Mrs. Wilks, of Ewshott House, Farnham

HEROES UNAWARE

(Continued from page 26)

tranquil towns and shoot up the peaceful inhabitants as they went about their lawful occasions, and the Frontiers, instead of adopting a *tu quoque* attitude which was obviously indicated and blaming the Interior for allowing bloodthirsty mobs to attack official cars carrying His Majesty's mails, meekly accepted the blame and hunted around for a scapegoat. I seemed to be cast for the part and Headquarters adopted the attitude that I was lacking in judgment in allowing the car to proceed to Alexandria on a Friday, as I might have known that on the Muhammadan Sabbath there was the probability of trouble. I replied by sending them a copy of their letter ordering the car to go to Alexandria on Friday without fail, and they then changed front and said that as there was a possibility of the car being interfered with I should have arranged for the men to leave their rifles and ammunition at Mex police station outside Alexandria, i.e., they were to travel armed during the part of the journey where there was little possibility of attack, but were to disarm immediately there was any danger. I have always treasured this letter as a masterpiece of unconscious humour, and, but for the fact that the copyright is not mine, would have sold it to the proprietors of *Punch*, who would have welcomed it—humour of this order is all too rare these days.

The driver and policeman were tried for manslaughter, but the case fell to the ground because it was absolutely impossible to prove that they had killed anyone. The leaders of the Egyptian National Party, when they first heard of the episode, were under the impression that the men were Sudanese and were under direct orders of a British official, and they stated with much emphasis that over twenty people had been killed and thirty wounded.

When they discovered that the three men were all Alexandrian natives acting entirely on their own initiative in putting down an anti-British riot it made extraordinarily bad propaganda from their point of view, as it tended to prove that the Egyptians at heart were not interested in the cry for independence but quite capable of fighting against it. The matter, therefore, from an Egyptian standpoint had to be hushed up at all costs, so that when the authorities called for evidence that rioters had been killed none was forthcoming and it was impossible to prove even that anyone had been wounded.

The men got off with three months for conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, and were undoubtedly lucky for, considering that they had fired upwards of 100 rounds into closely packed mobs, it is fairly certain that the first reports were correct and that they had killed twenty rioters and wounded thirty.

However one looks at the matter, the fact remains that this single car of excited policemen, acting without orders, undoubtedly saved Alexandria from a very dangerous mob which had gained complete control of one-half of the city, and that in the ordinary course of events peace would not have been restored till the military had been called out to fire upon them.

It is a fact too that this was the last Friday on which the hooligan element showed its national fervour by indiscriminate shop-looting, stone-throwing, and police-pelting, for the flying desert Ford with its wild crew had put the fear of Allah into them.

CONTINUATIONS

For the Traveller, the Settler, and the Business Man

The *South and East African Year Book and Guide*, the 1937 edition of which has just been issued by the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., is well known to many of our readers and is recognised as an absorbingly interesting reference book that is indispensable alike to the traveller, the settler, and the business man having dealings with the African continent. The volume, which contains over 1,100 pages and sixty-four pages of maps, is priced at 2s. 6d. (3s. post free in the U.K.) Of particular importance is the index, covering forty pages and containing 2,600 place names, practically doing the service of a gazetteer.

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